

CRACK COMICS

10

QUALITY
COMICS
GROUP
I.C.C.
9

SEPTMBER
No.56

Captain **TRIUMPH**
finds
GOSSIP
leads to
MURDER!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

**YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP LIKE MAGIC
BECAUSE YOU**

Make Money With Your Own

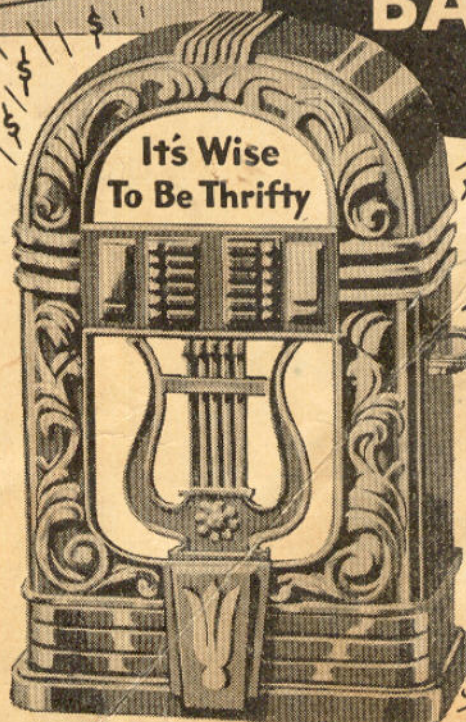
JUKE BOX BANK

**A Real Money-Maker
For You . . . Because**

**FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WILL HELP
YOU SAVE, JUST TO SEE HOW IT WORKS!**

You'll see those nickels and dimes rapidly add up to mighty dollar bills with this new Juke Box Bank that's a gay plastic reproduction of the tuneless Juke Box down at the corner soda fountain. Bring it out at parties or when company comes to call. The coins and currency will really pour in, because **everyone** wants to see it light up electrically and flash its bit of advice: "It's Wise to Be Thrifty"—to which we might add: it's **easy** to be thrifty when you have an attention-getting, fun-producing Juke Box Bank.

SEND NO MONEY: send only your name and address. Then pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Or send cash and **we** pay postage. If you are not delighted, return within 10 days for speedy, cheerful refund.



\$1.98
Post Paid
Complete With
Battery & Bulb

**Put Your Coins in
Slot and Press-in!**

**JUKE BOX
BLAZES WITH LIGHT
AS IT FLASHES:**

It's Wise to be Thrifty

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. JB-63

AMERICA'S GREATEST JUNIOR TYPEWRITER VALUE!



*Sturdy
Steel
Construction*

SEND NO MONEY

Merely clip ad and mail to-day. Then pay postman only \$2.98 plus postage. Or send cash and **we** pay postage. If not delighted return untampered within 10 days for a speedy refund.



famous
**Simplex PORTABLE
TYPEWRITER**

Only \$2.98
Post Paid

A KEY FOR EACH LETTER

*It's Fast!
It's Easy!
It's Efficient!
It's Accurate!*

PERFECT FOR SCHOOL WORK...

...IDEAL FOR SMALL BUSINESSES!

Yes, it's back again . . . but only in limited quantities! We've managed to obtain a limited number of these fast, efficient typewriters that we can offer **you** at a price you can't beat! Now, for only \$2.98 you can enjoy the speed and accuracy of a Simplex Typewriter with new improved features:

- ★ Automatic Inking Operation
- ★ An Individual Key For Each Letter
- ★ Jiffy Spacing Bar
- ★ Shifts From CAPITAL to SMALL LETTERS

Hey, Kids! . . . like to make a big hit with teachers and get better grades in school? It's easy when you turn in neat, accurately typed papers. Don't delay a moment longer! Order your Simplex Portable Typewriter **today** and find out how much fun it is to do your homework the easy, time-saving way!

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. ST-63

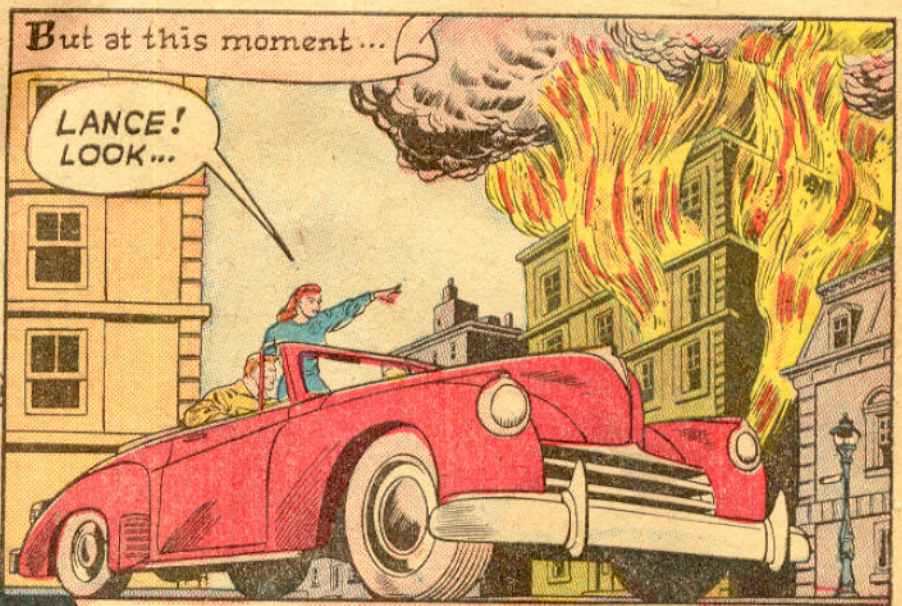
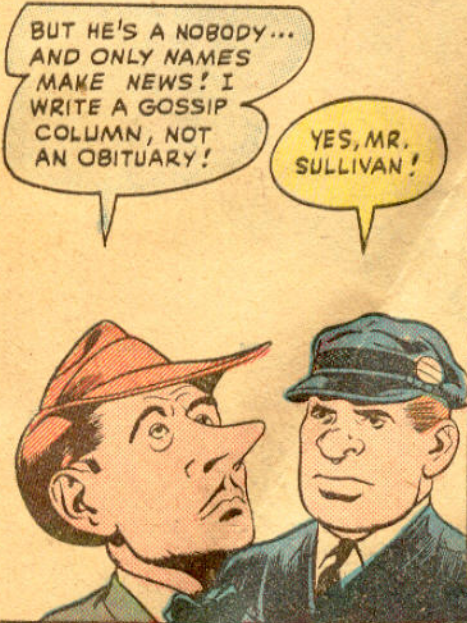
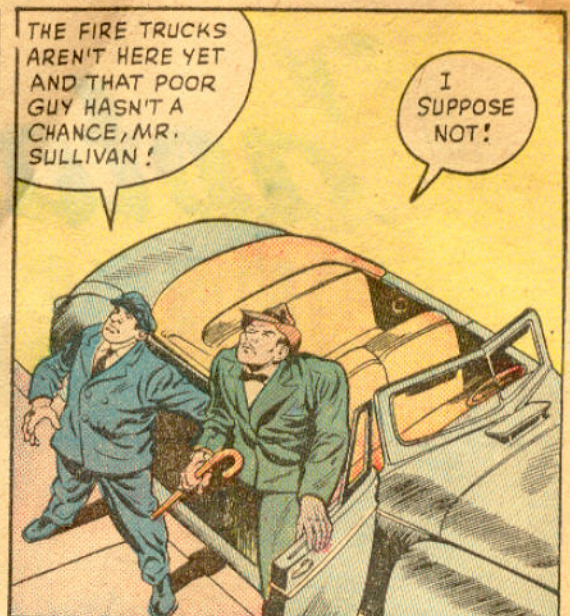
Captain TRIUMPH

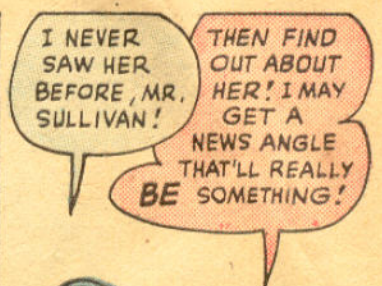
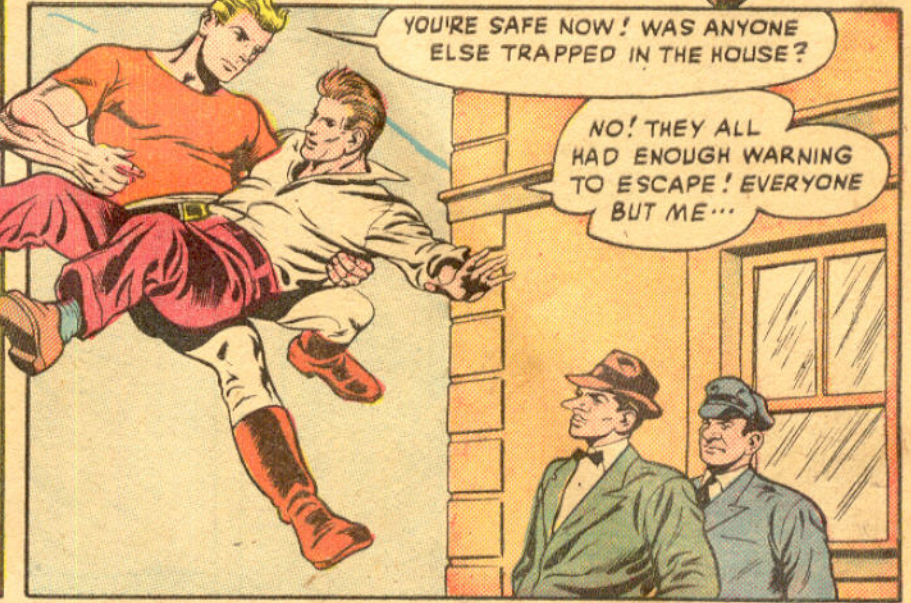
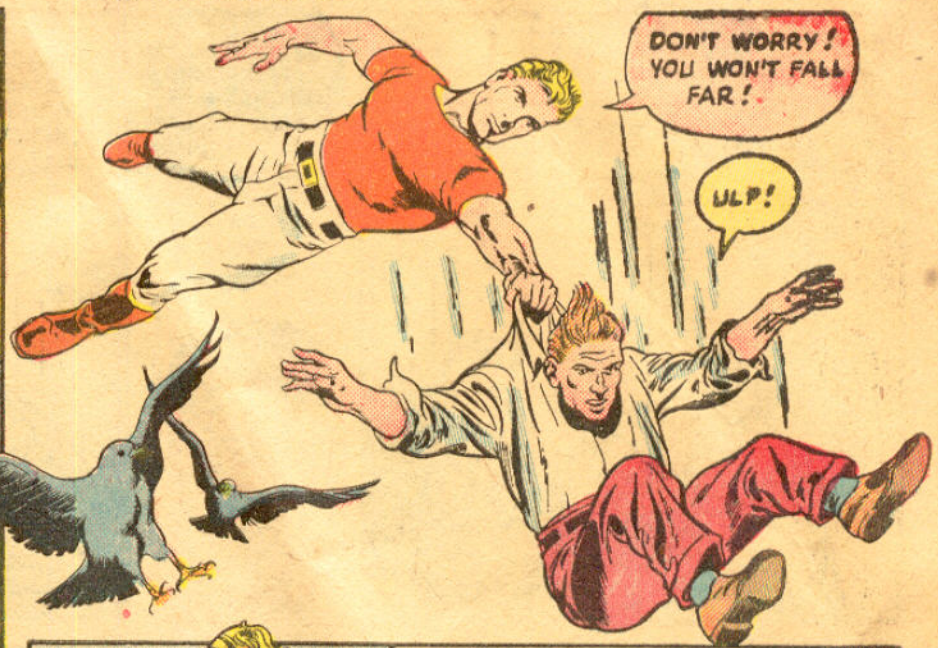
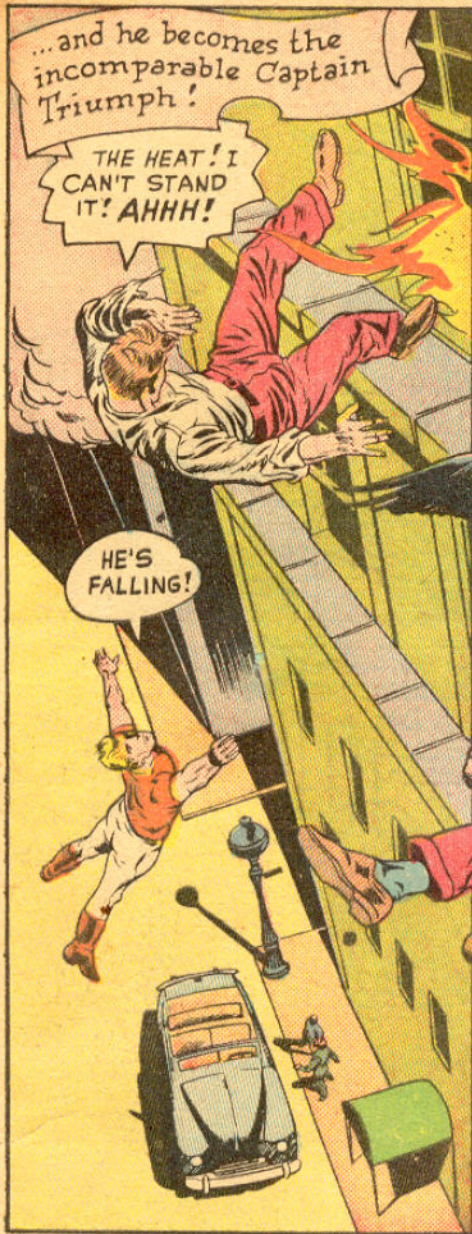


No one liked Walt Sullivan, but everyone listened to him! For there is nothing that interests people so much as gossip... and Walt Sullivan was the most widely read gossip columnist in the world!

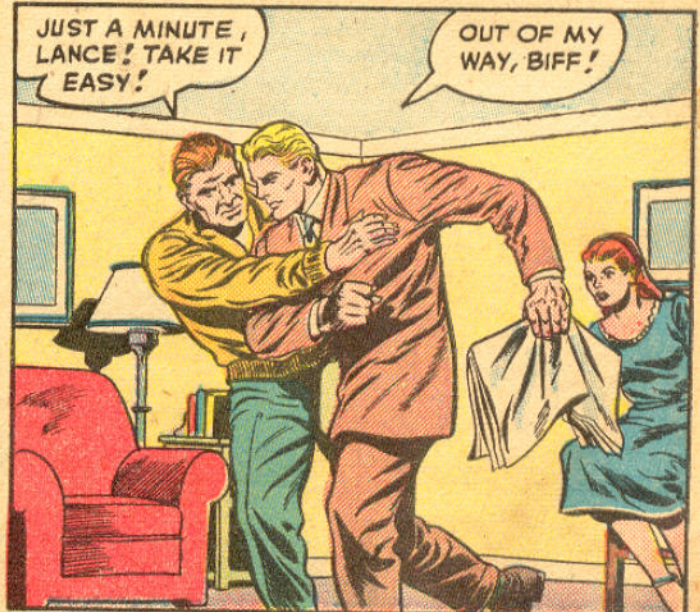
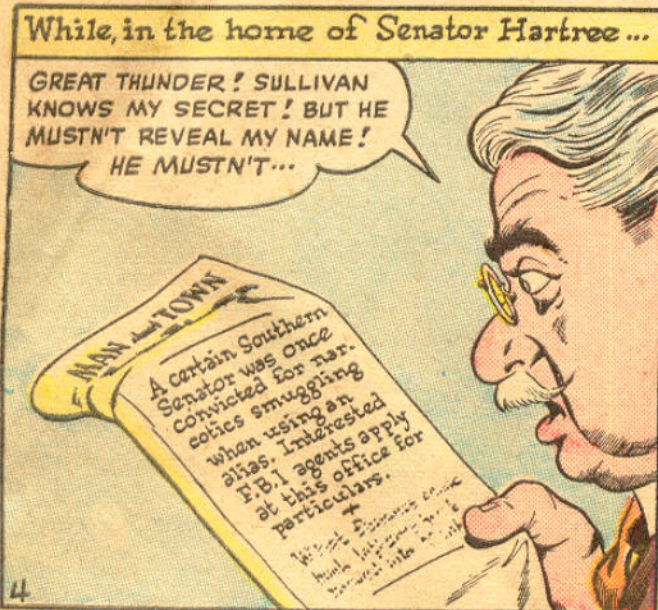
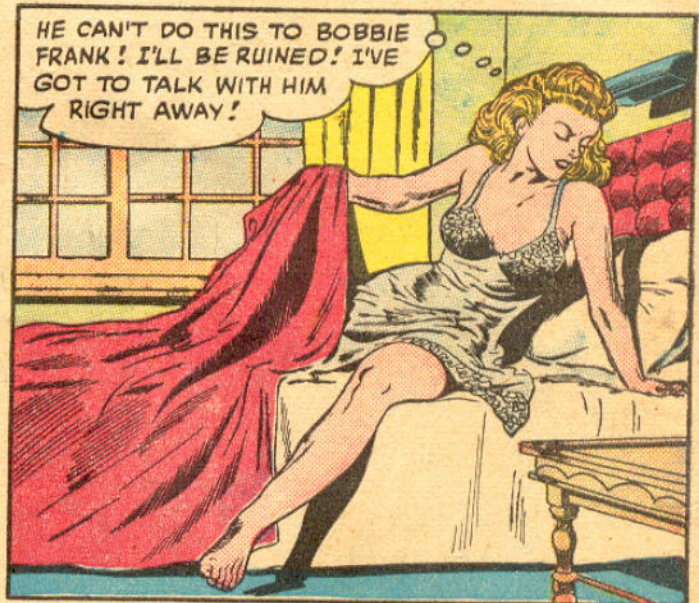
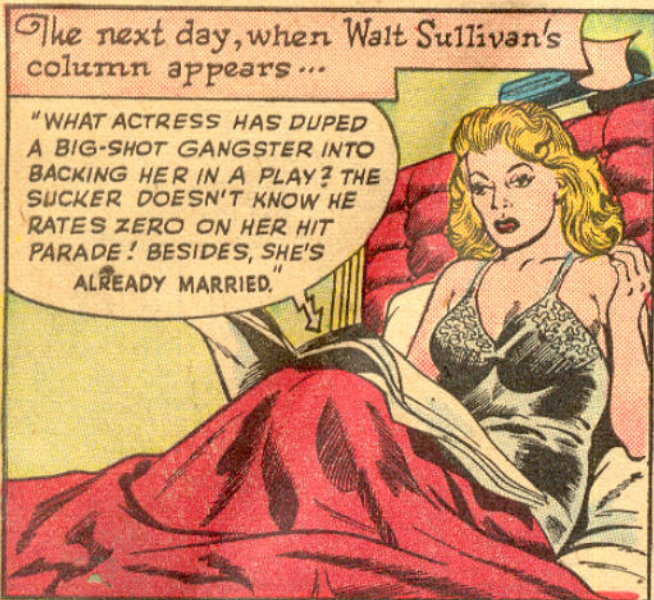
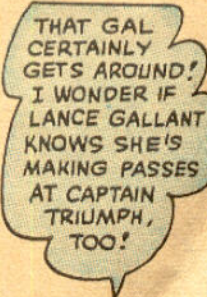
Until one day he printed an item that spelled **DEATH**, and then CAPTAIN TRIUMPH was forced to take a hand to save Lance Gallant from a conviction for **MURDER!**

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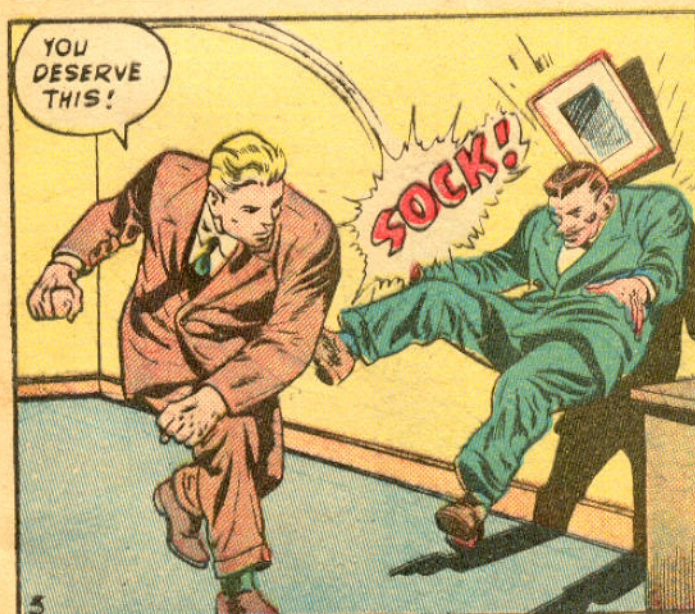




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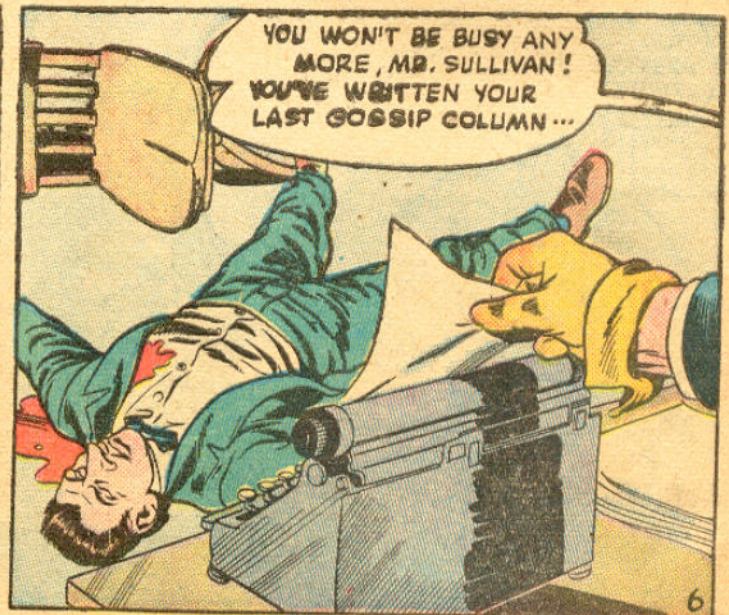
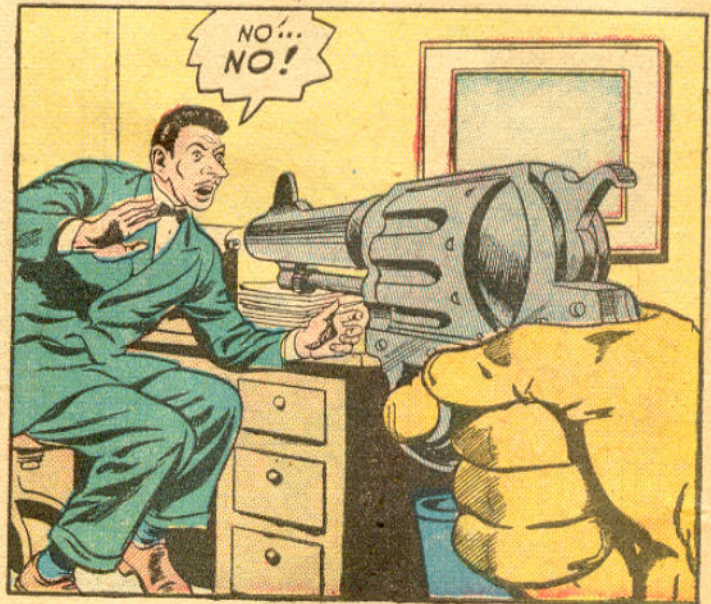
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I'LL HAVE A FEW THINGS TO SAY ABOUT KIM MEREDITH THAT'LL REALLY BURN HIM UP! HE'LL BE READY TO COMMIT MURDER BEFORE I'M THROUGH...



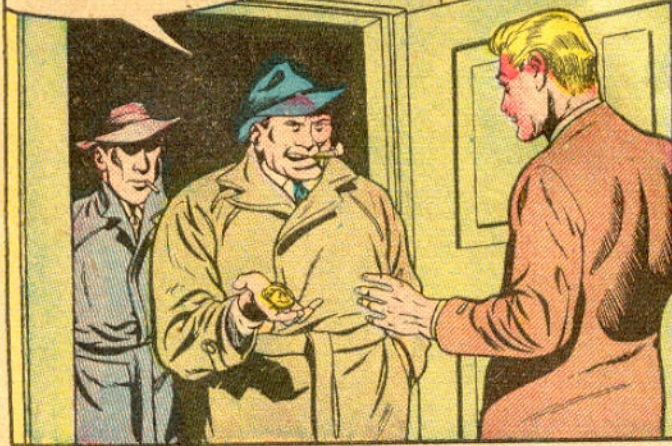
Late that night



The next morning...

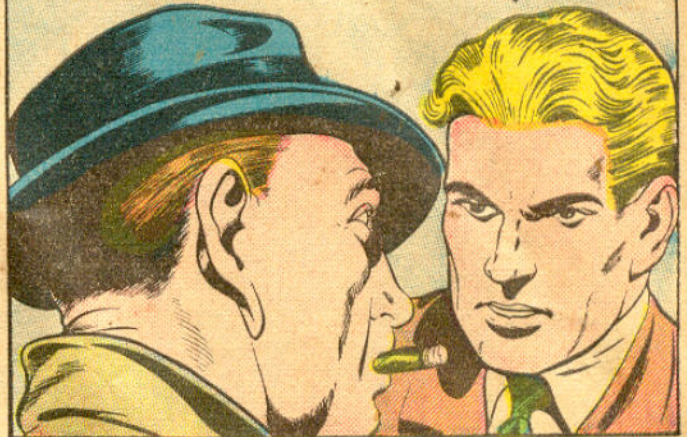
YOUR NAME LANCE GALLANT? WE'RE FROM HOMICIDE...

HOMICIDE? WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?



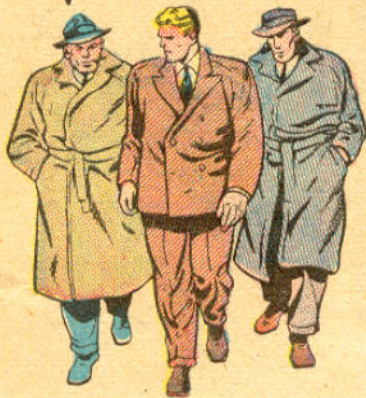
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST... AS A SUSPECT IN THE MURDER OF WALT SULLIVAN!

BUT... BUT I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT!



THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY! WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF EVIDENCE, GALLANT!

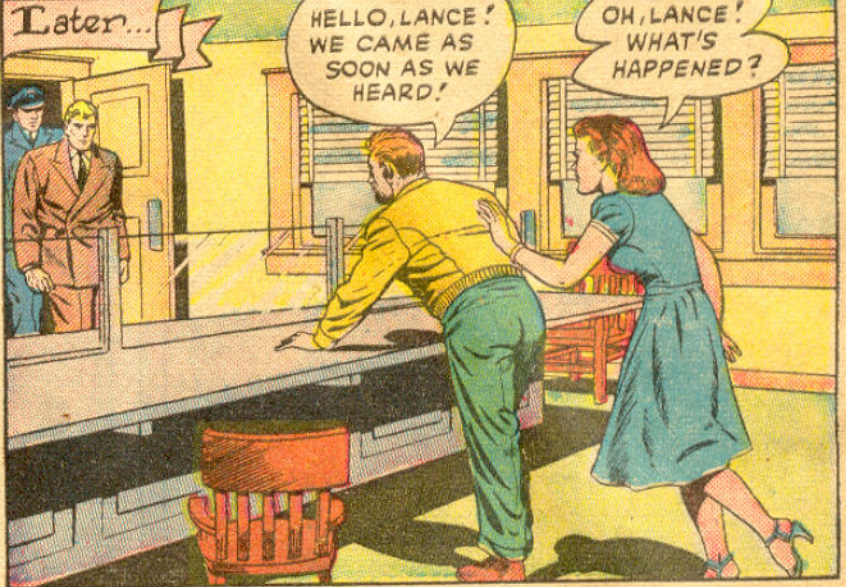
IT'S OUR DUTY TO WARN YOU THAT ANYTHING YOU SAY MAY BE USED AGAINST YOU!



Later...

HELLO, LANCE! WE CAME AS SOON AS WE HEARD!

OH, LANCE! WHAT'S HAPPENED?



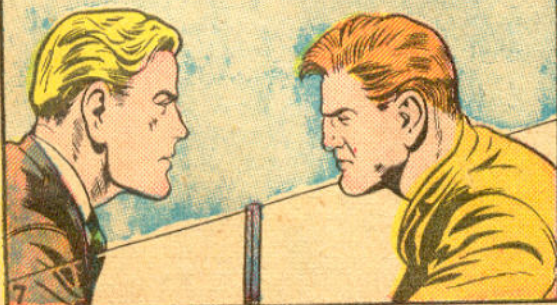
I WISH I KNEW! THEY THINK I MURDERED WALT SULLIVAN! BUT I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HE WAS DEAD!

I CHECKED WITH A FRIEND OF MINE WHO'S A COP AT HEAD-QUARTERS! YOU'RE IN A SPOT!

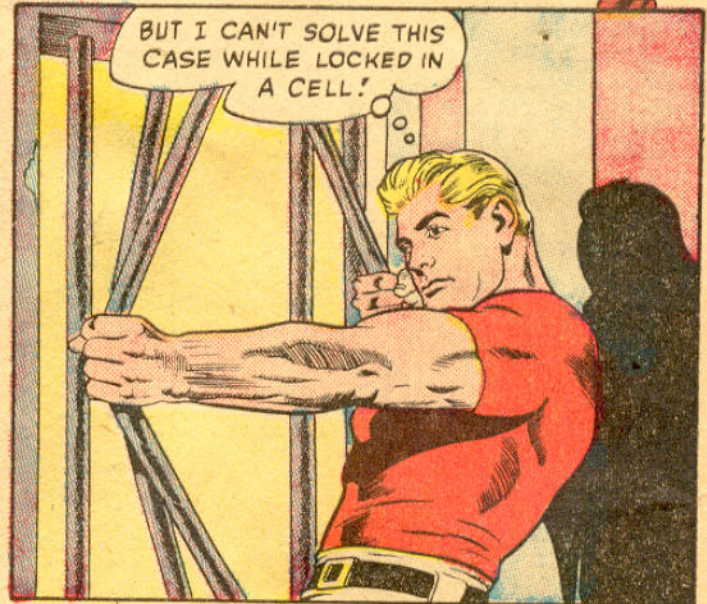
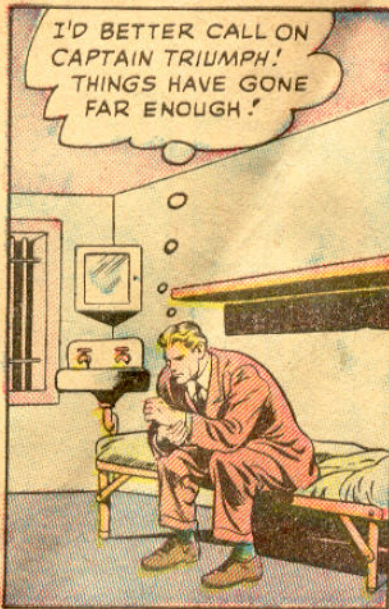
THEY'VE GOT WITNESSES WHO SAY THEY HEARD YOU THREATEN WALT SULLIVAN! HE WAS WRITING HIS LAST COLUMN WHEN HE WAS BLASTED! AND IT'S RUMORED THAT IT WAS ABOUT KIM AND CAPTAIN TRIUMPH...

BUT THAT ISN'T THE WORST! THEY MADE A THOROUGH SEARCH OF YOUR APARTMENT... AND THEY FOUND THE MURDER GUN!

WHAT? THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



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But this thought has also occurred to Biff and Kim...

I SLIPPED THE NIGHT WATCHMAN FIFTY BUCKS TO LET US INTO SULLIVAN'S OFFICE! I HOPE WE FIND SOMETHING WORTHWHILE...

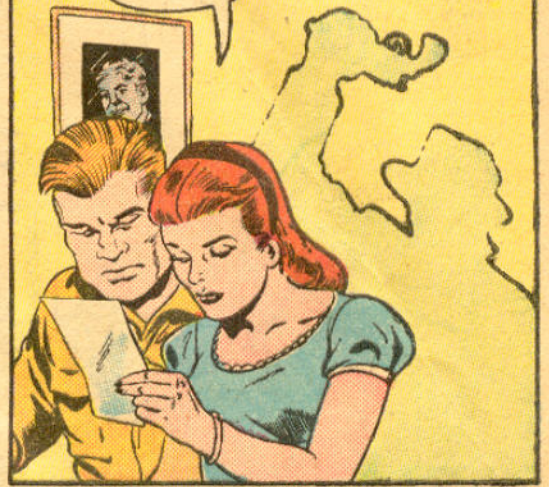
IT ISN'T LIKELY! THE POLICE MUST HAVE ALREADY BEEN OVER THIS PLACE WITH A FINE-TOOTH COMB!



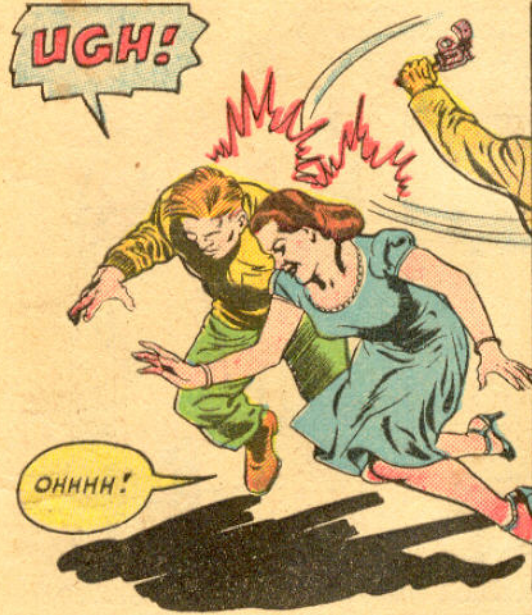
WAIT! HERE'S SOMETHING THEY OVERLOOKED! NOTES WALT SULLIVAN MADE FOR HIS LAST COLUMN, THE ONE HE WAS WRITING WHEN HE WAS KILLED!



NOTHING PARTICULARLY NEW! IT'S A FOLLOW-UP COLUMN, WITH MORE FACTS ABOUT...

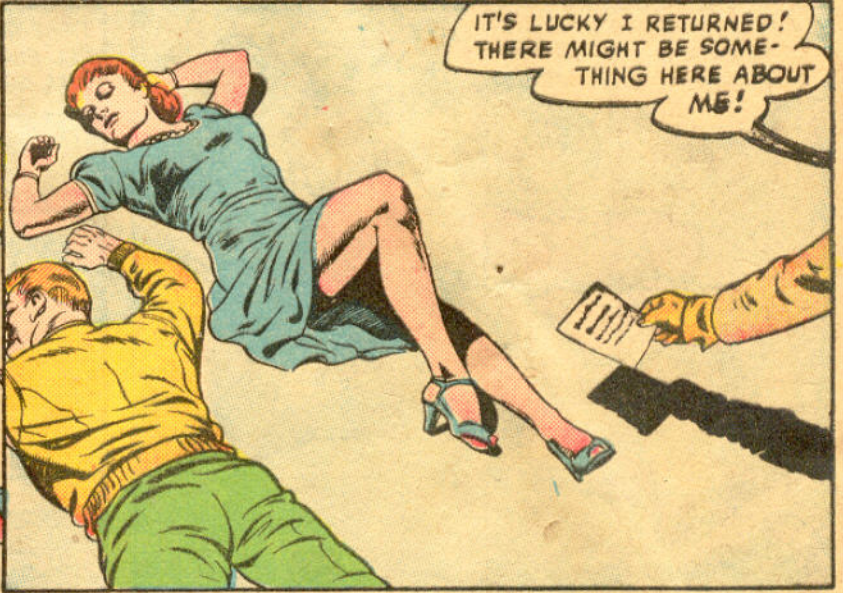


UGH!



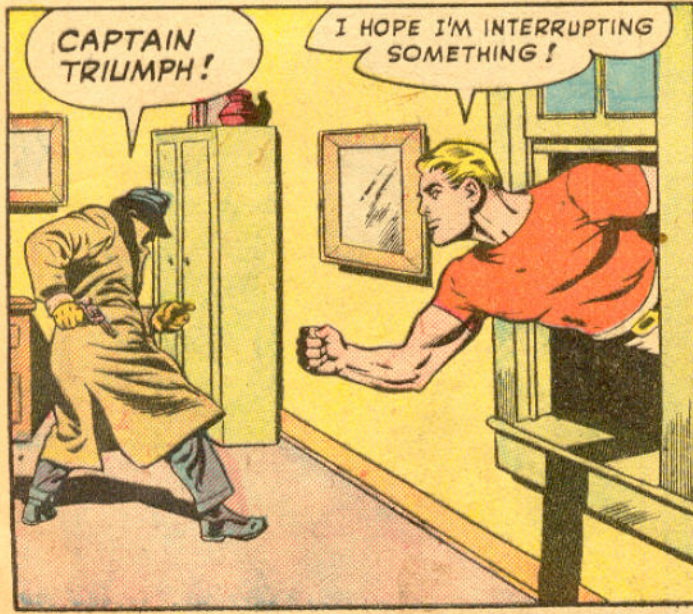
OH HHHH!

IT'S LUCKY I RETURNED! THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING HERE ABOUT ME!



CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!

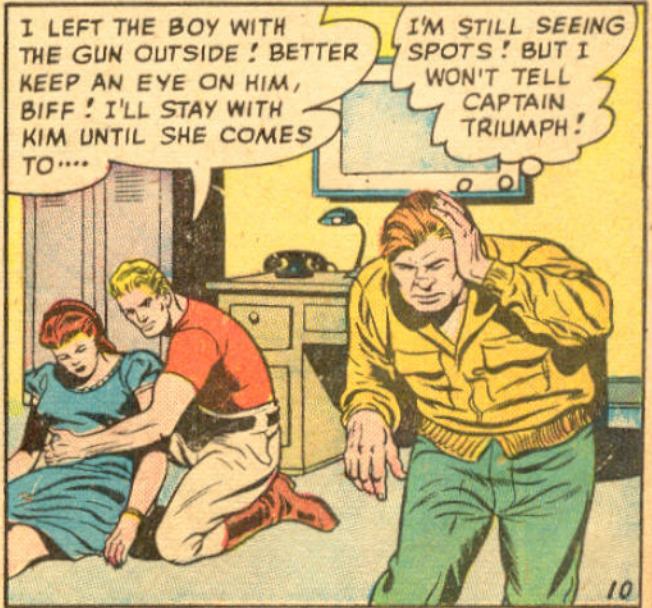
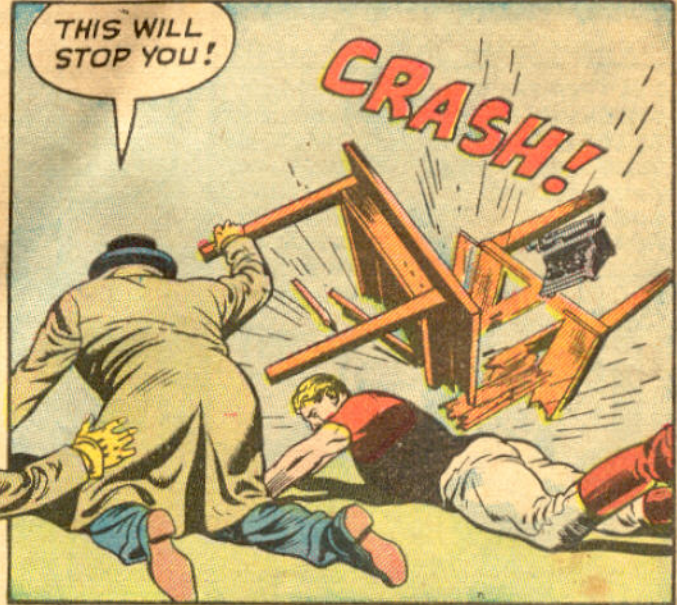
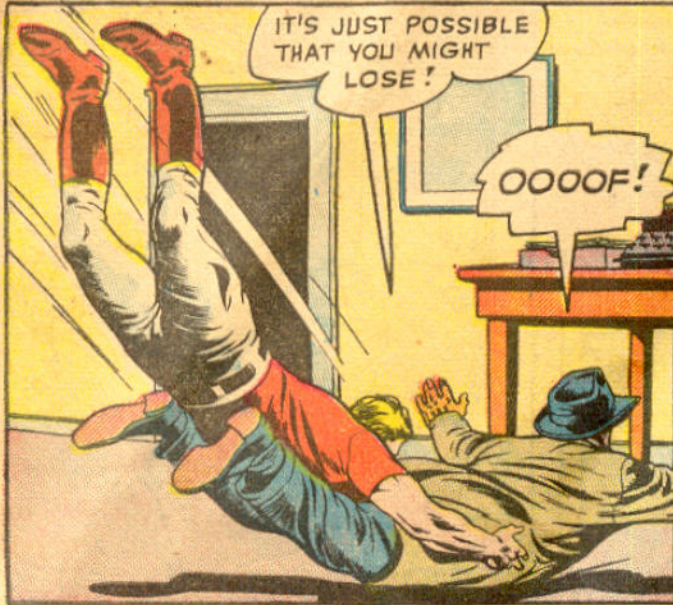
I HOPE I'M INTERRUPTING SOMETHING!



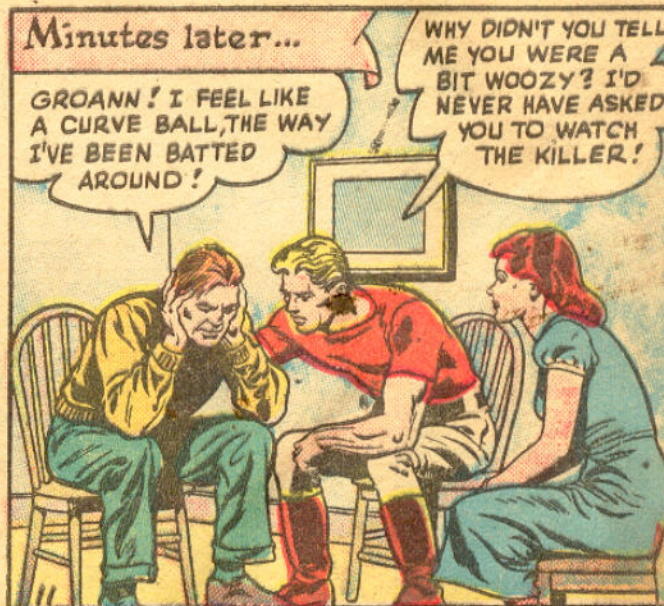
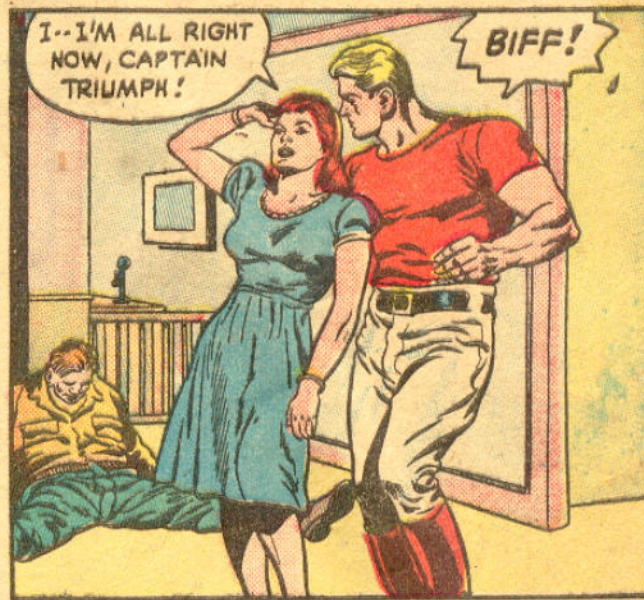
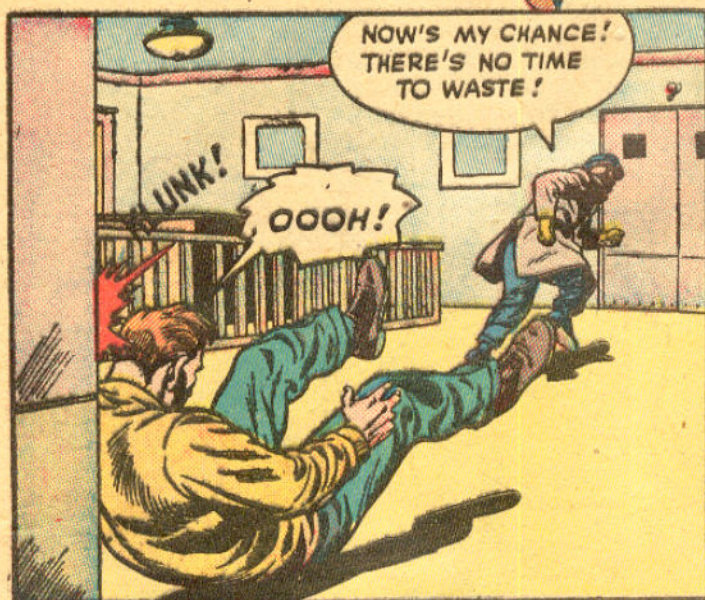
YOU WON'T GET ME!

I WOULDN'T BET ON THAT!

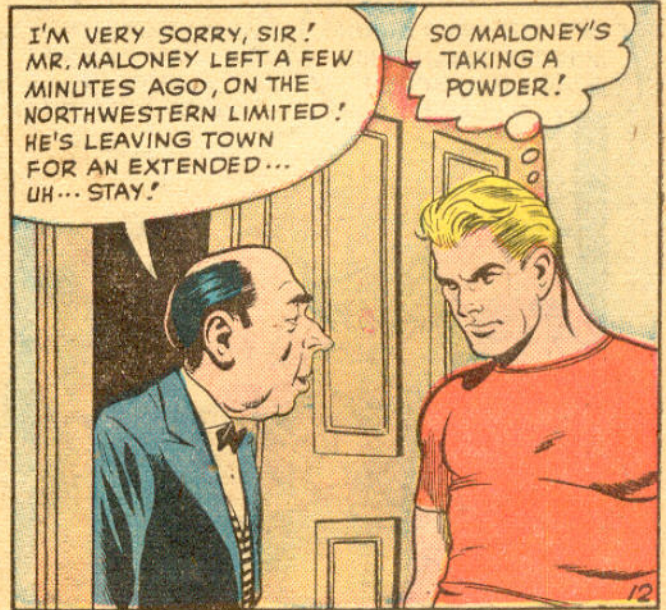
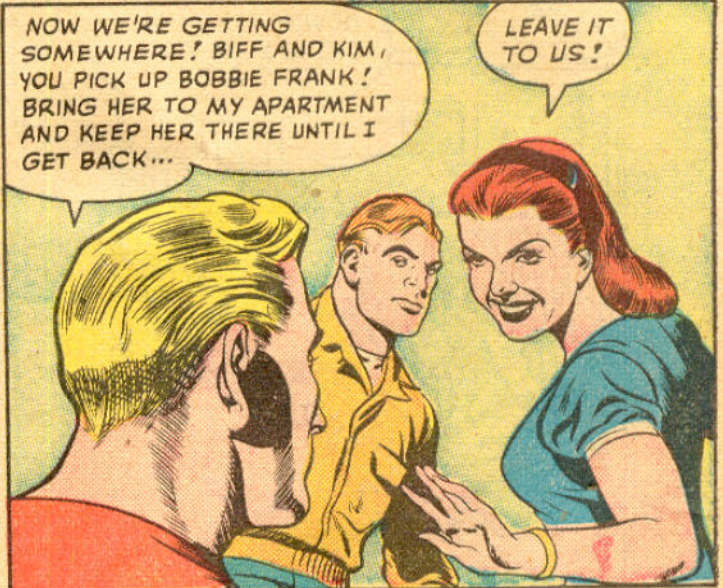
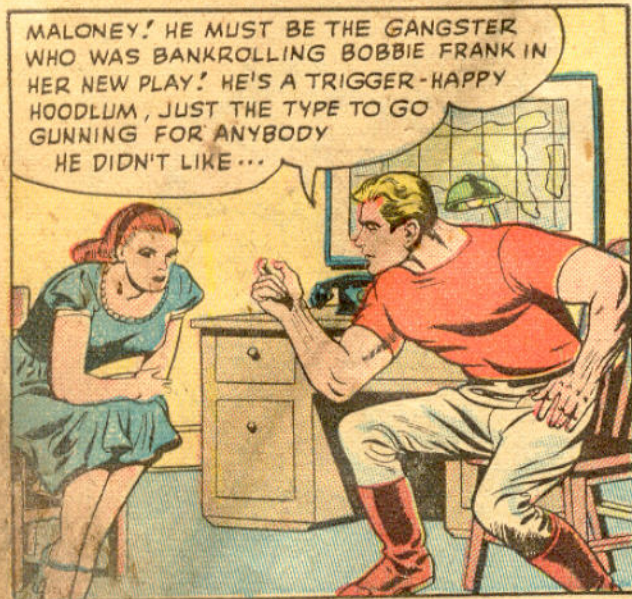




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THAT CLINCHES IT!
MALONEY WOULDN'T
RUN AWAY UNLESS
HE WAS GUILTY!
HE'S THE MAN
I WANT...

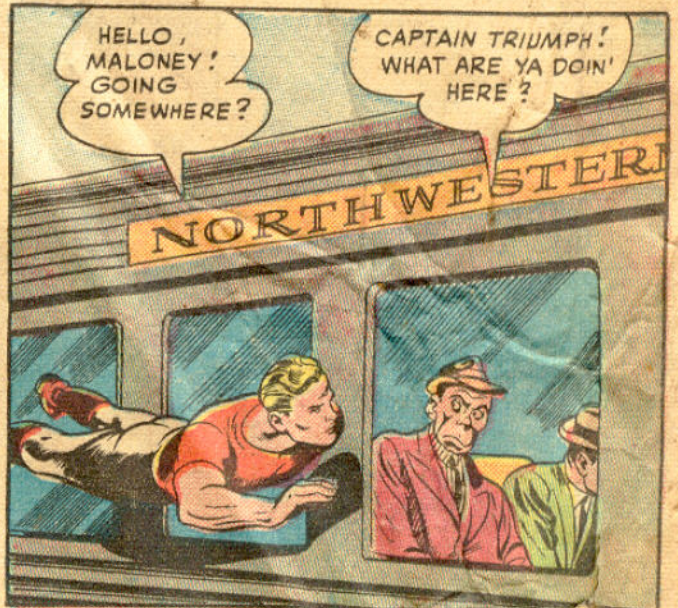


THERE'S THE
NORTHWESTERN
LIMITED NOW! IT
ONLY HAD HALF
AN HOUR'S
START!



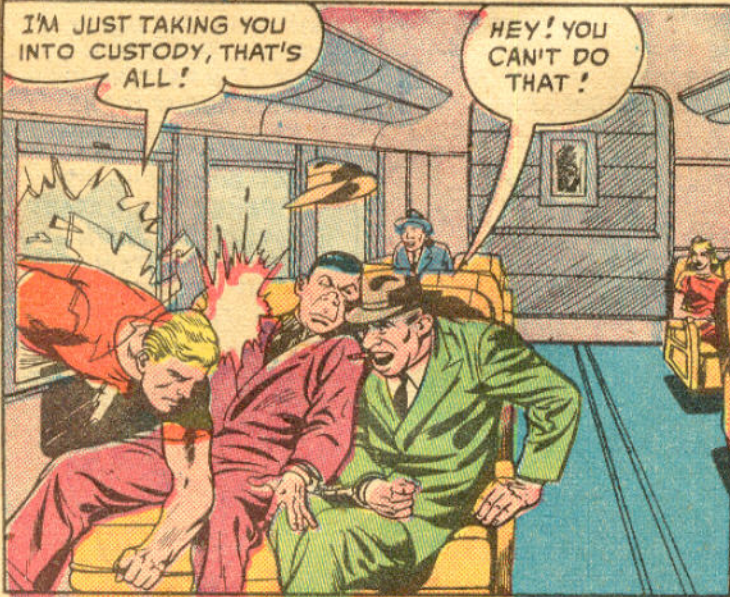
HELLO,
MALONEY!
GOING
SOMEWHERE?

CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!
WHAT ARE YA DOIN'
HERE?



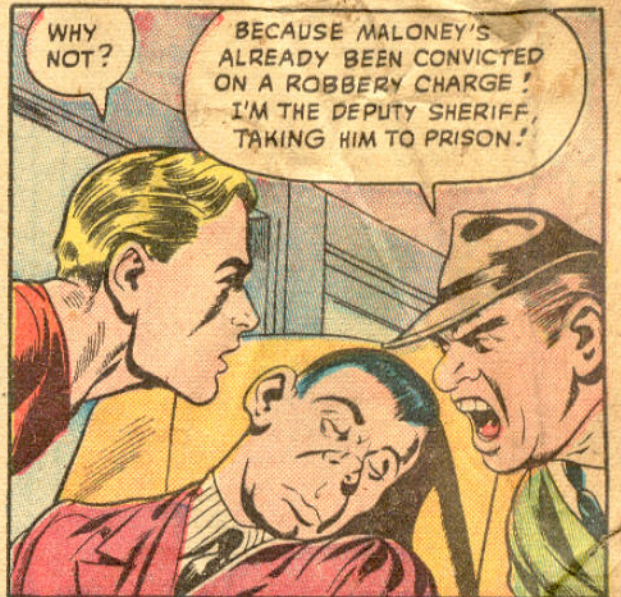
I'M JUST TAKING YOU
INTO CUSTODY, THAT'S
ALL!

HEY! YOU
CAN'T DO
THAT!



WHY
NOT?

BECAUSE MALONEY'S
ALREADY BEEN CONVICTED
ON A ROBBERY CHARGE!
I'M THE DEPUTY SHERIFF,
TAKING HIM TO PRISON!



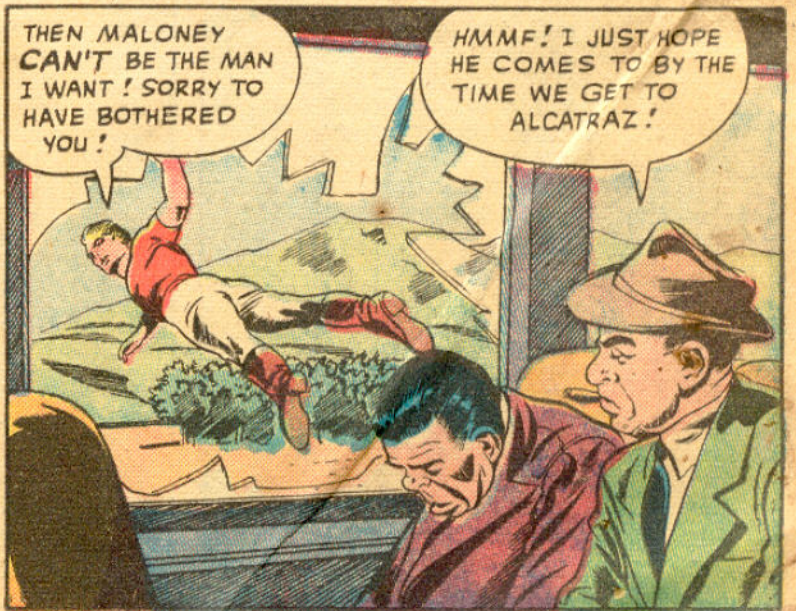
WHEN DID THIS
HAPPEN?

HE'S BEEN OUT ON
BAIL! HE WAS SENTENCED
YESTERDAY
MORNING, AND THEY
HELD HIM IN THE CITY
JAIL SINCE THEN...

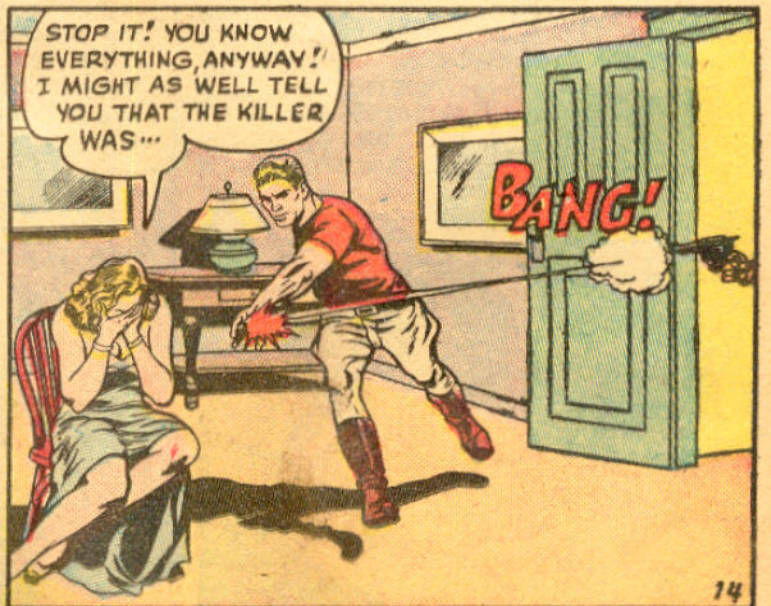
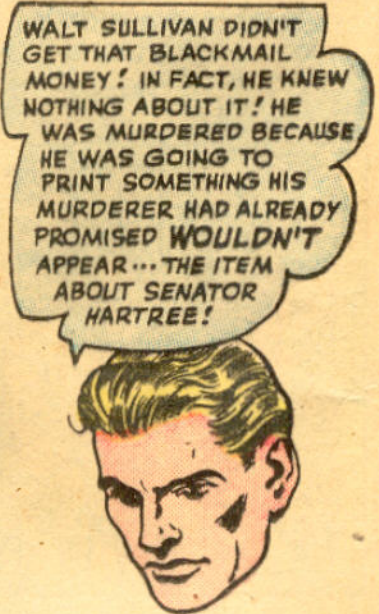
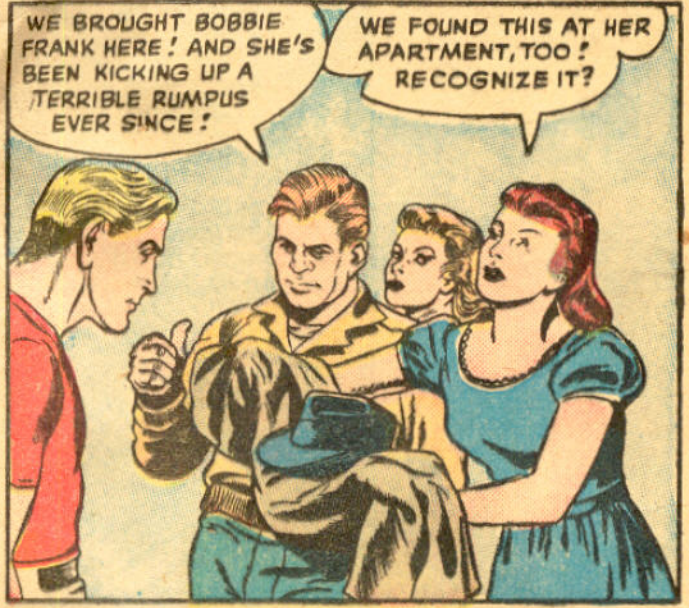
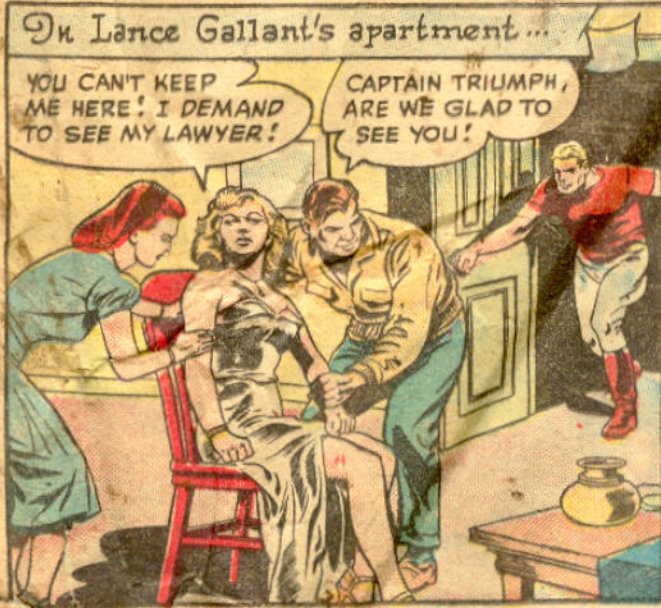


THEN MALONEY
CAN'T BE THE MAN
I WANT! SORRY TO
HAVE BOTHERED
YOU!

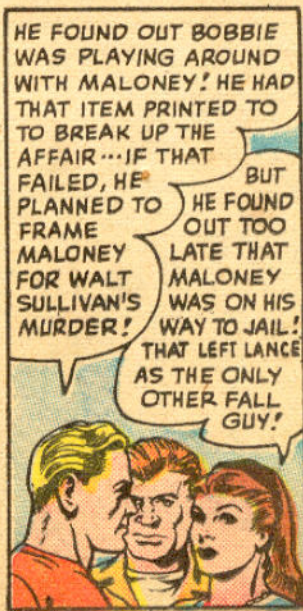
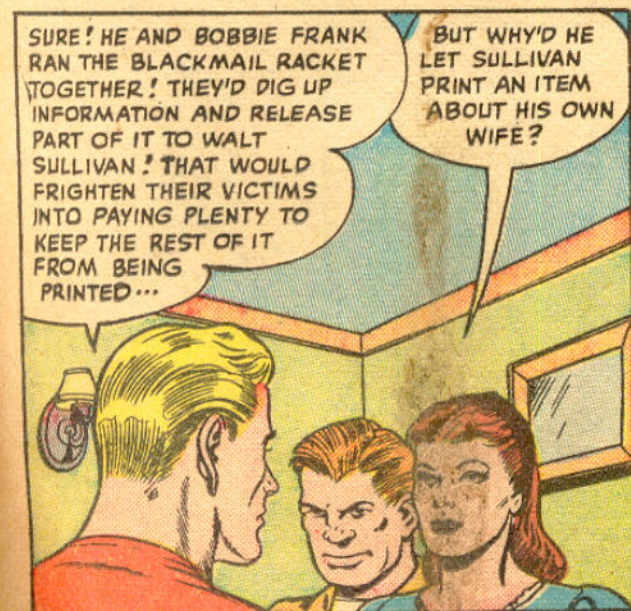
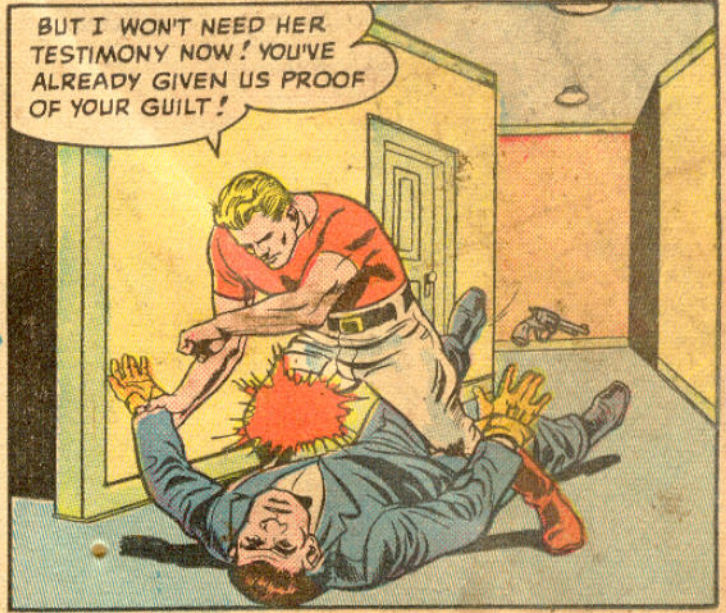
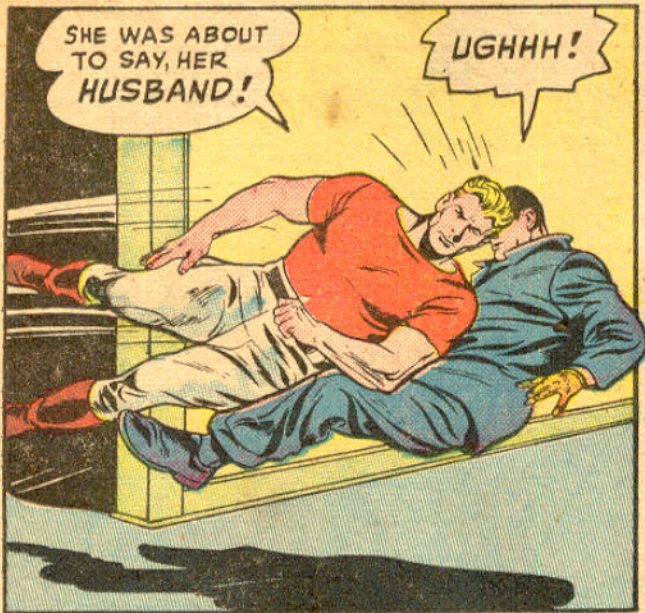
HMMF! I JUST HOPE
HE COMES TO BY THE
TIME WE GET TO
ALCATRAZ!



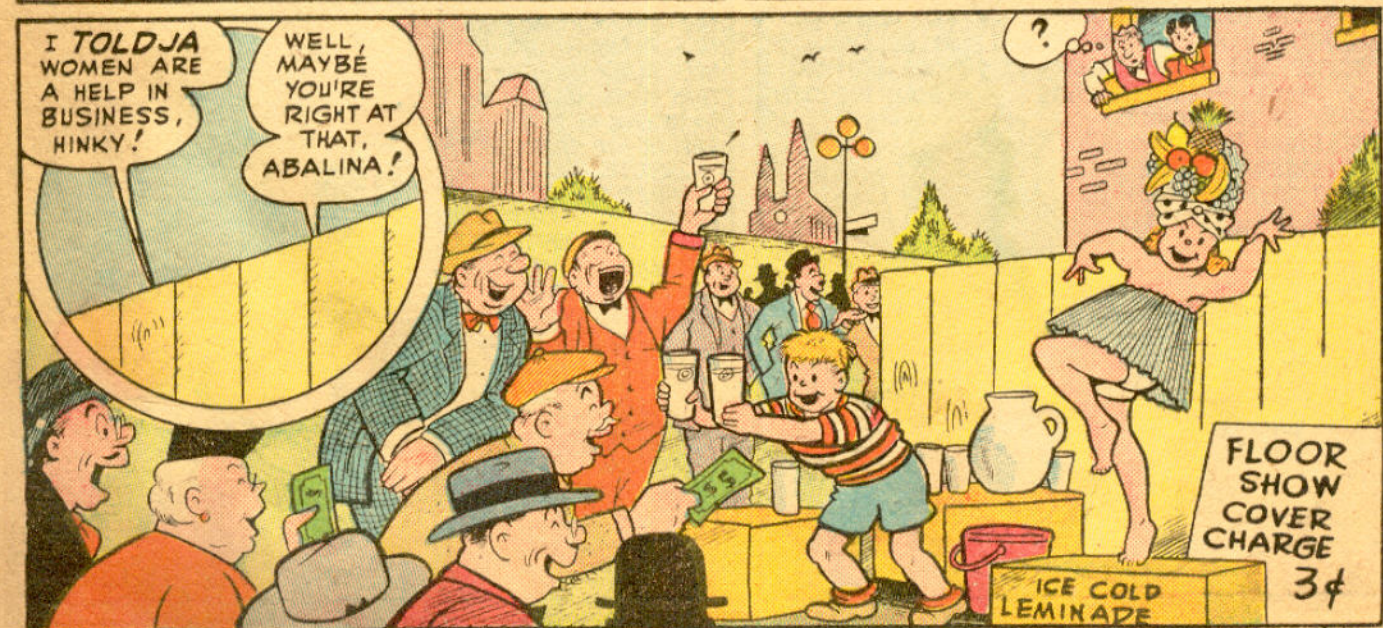
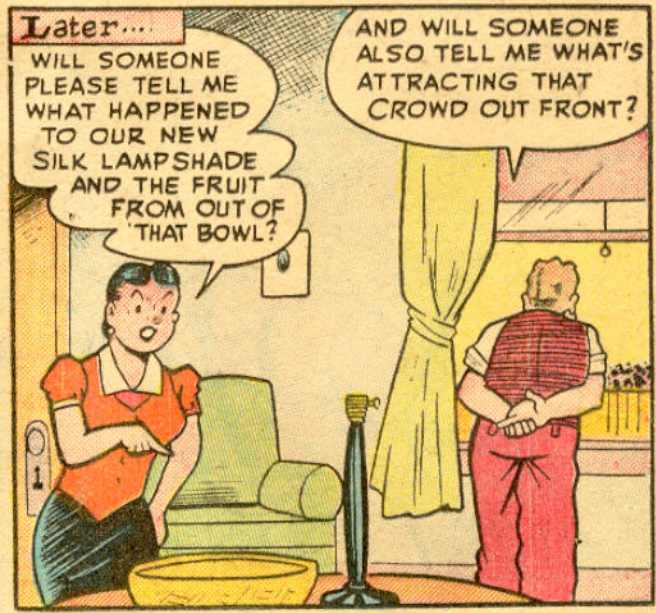
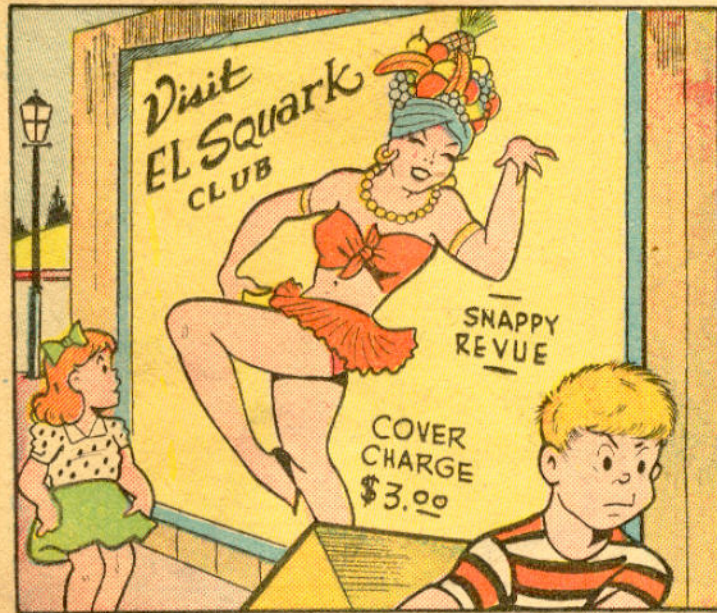
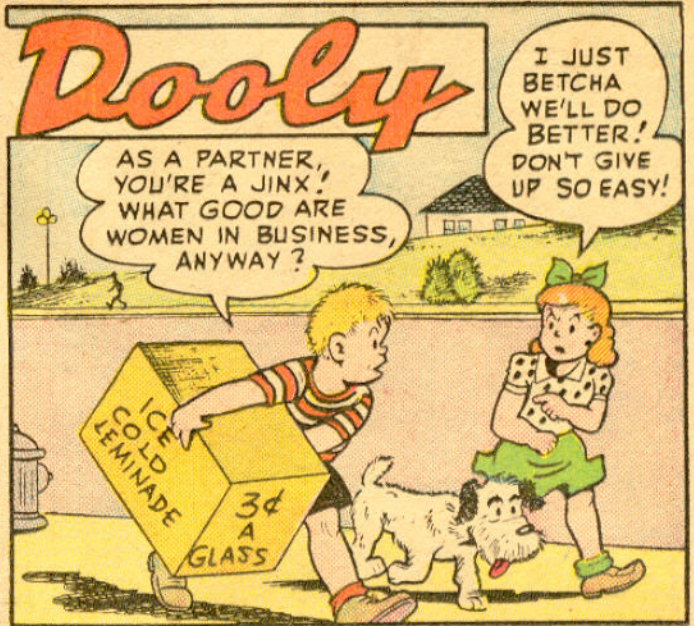
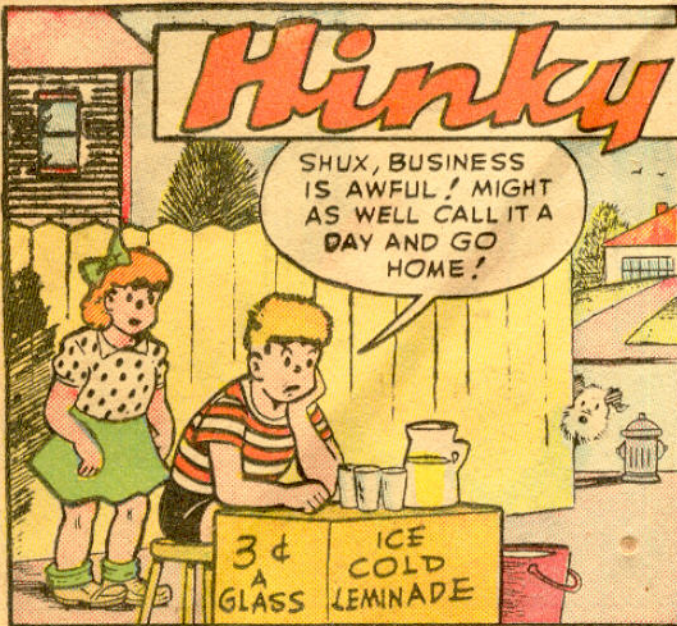
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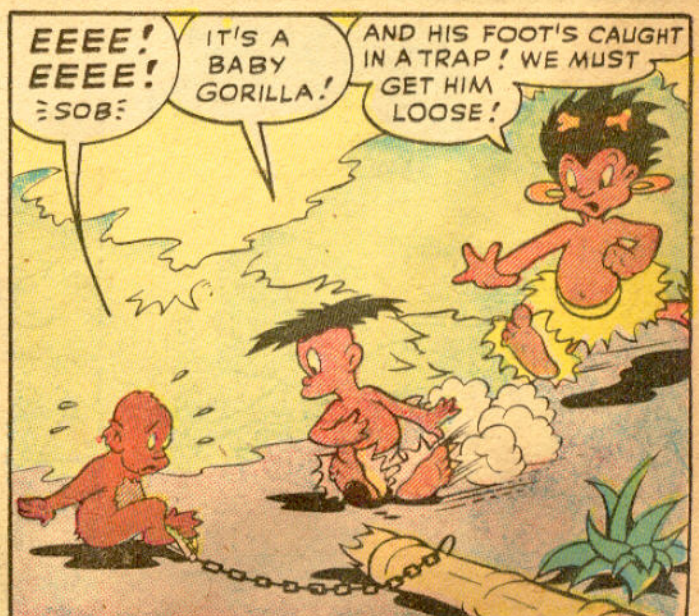
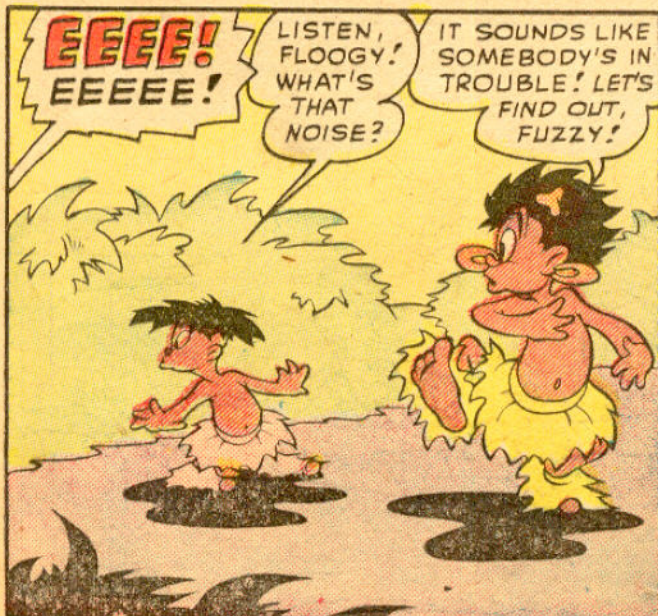
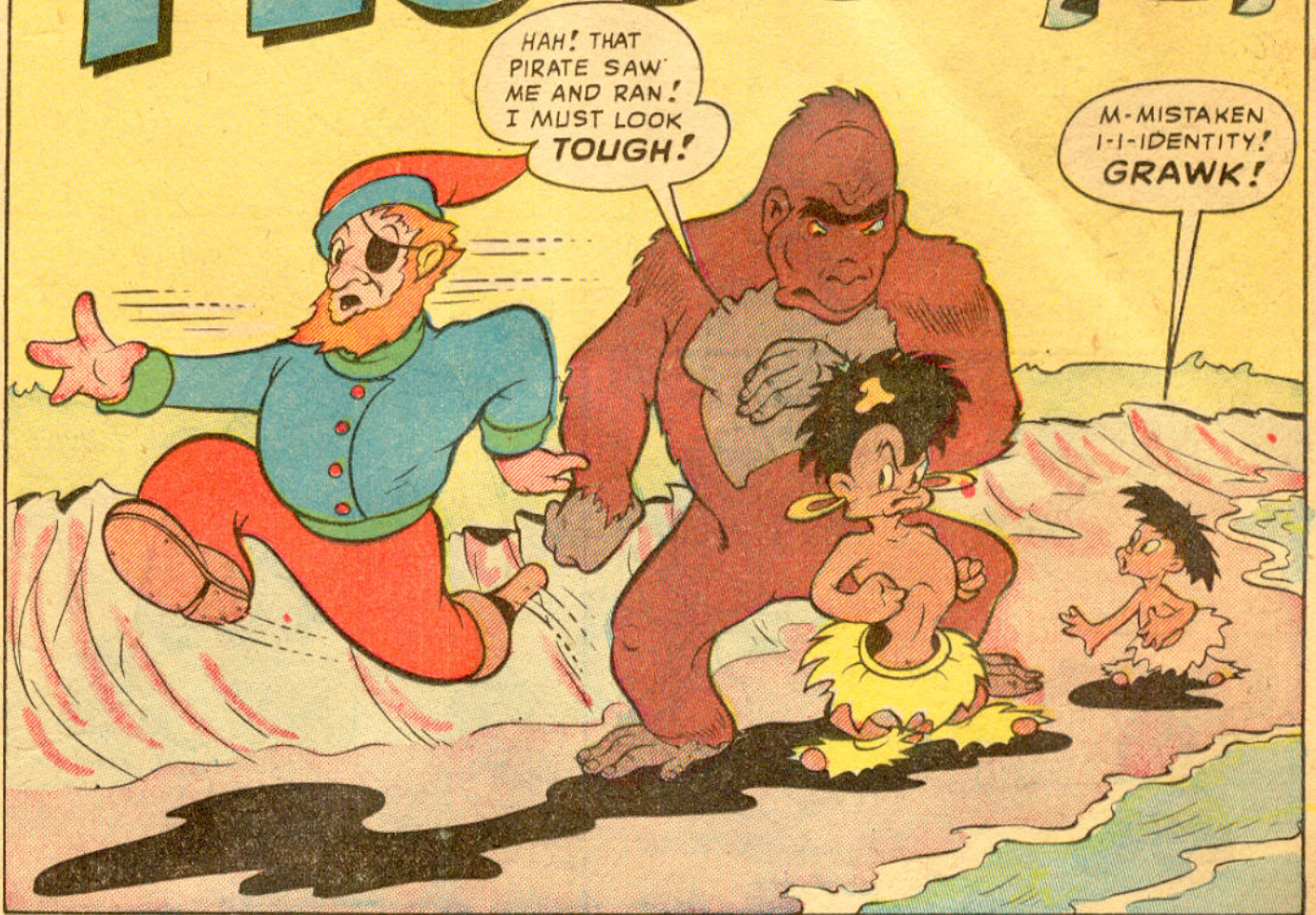
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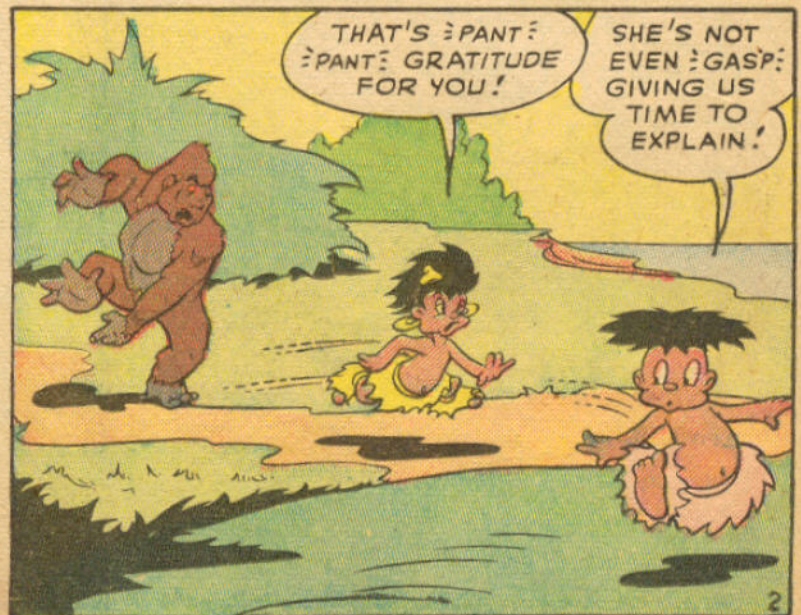
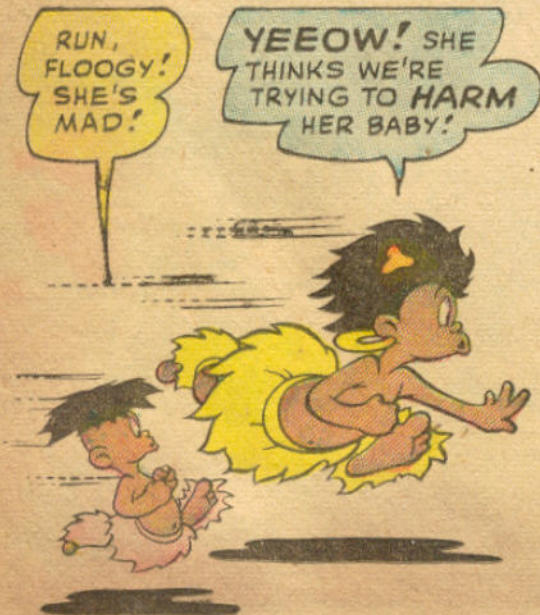
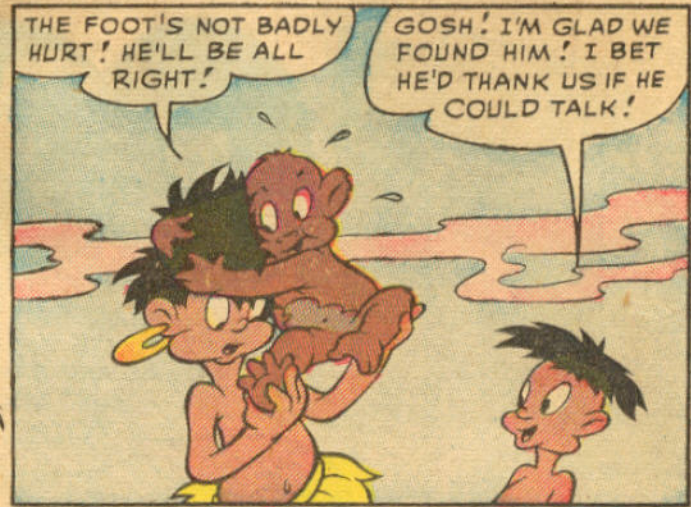
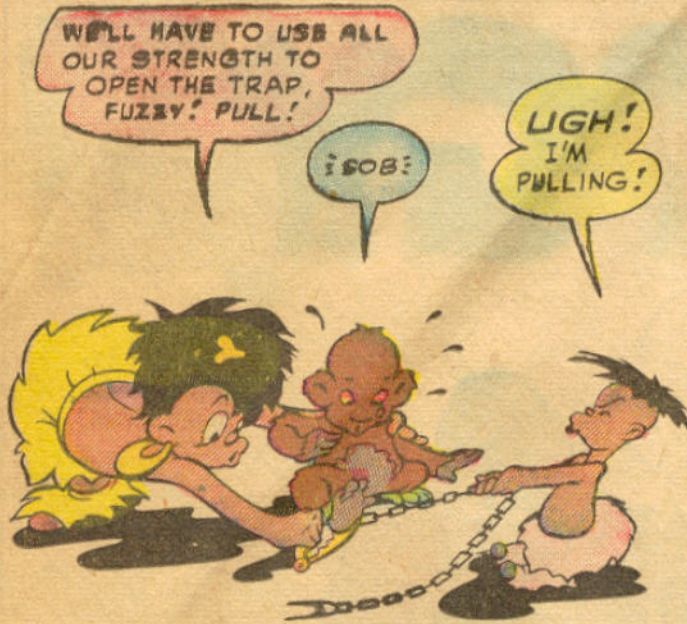
Hinky Dooly



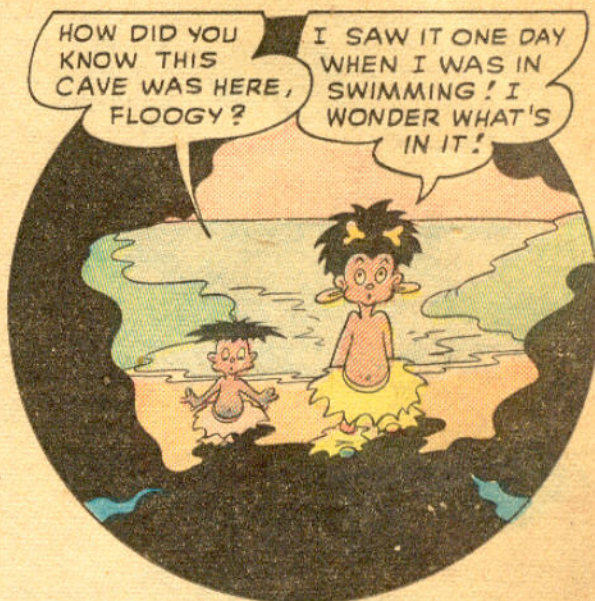
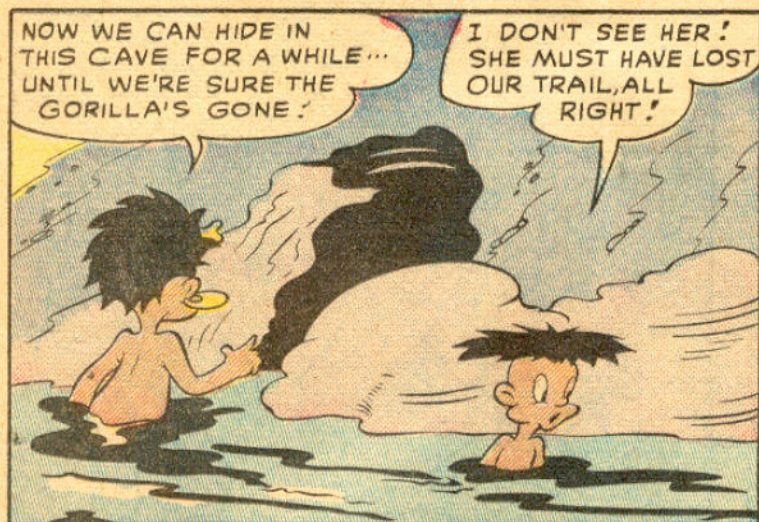
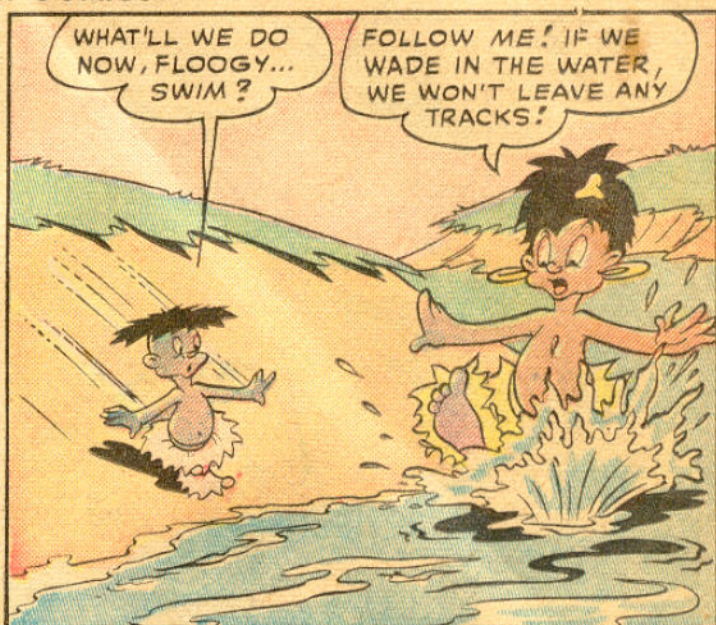
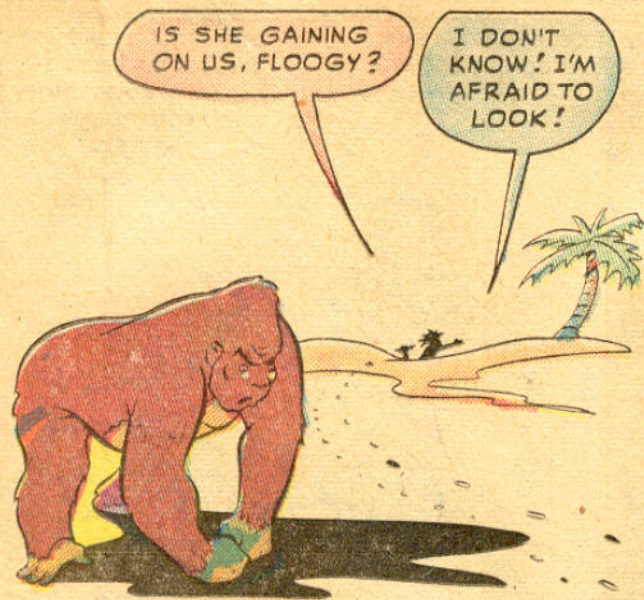
FLOOGY The FIJI



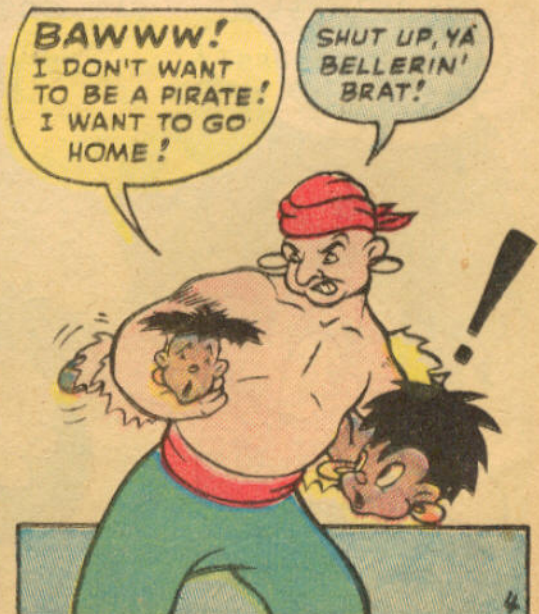
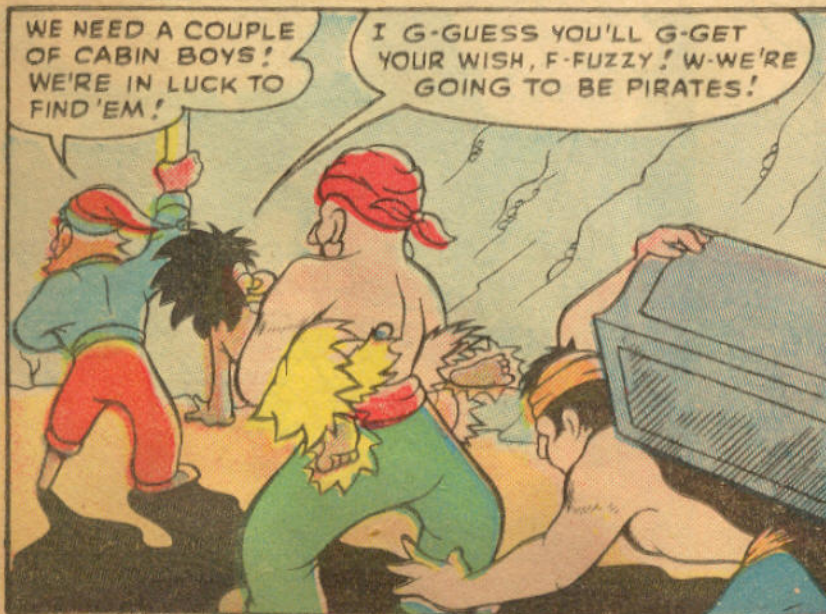
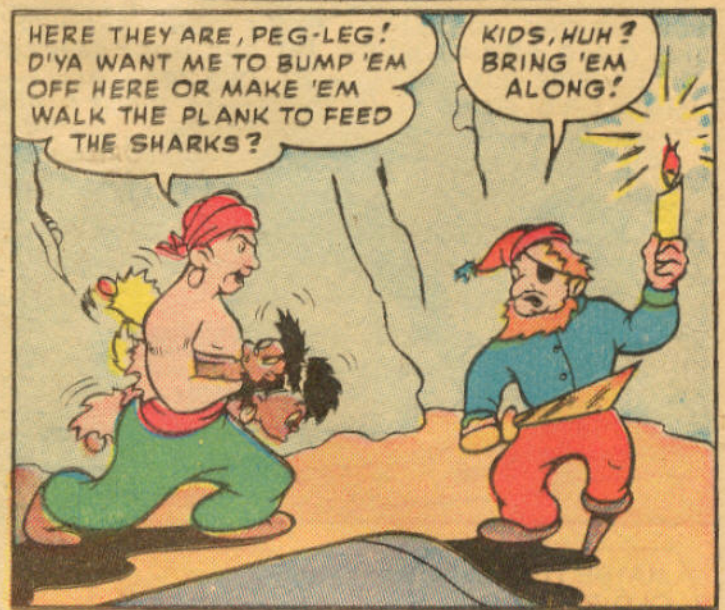
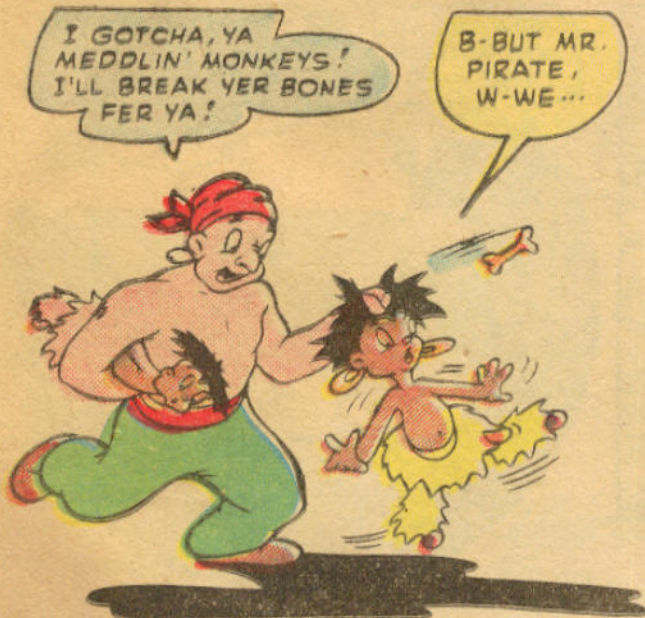
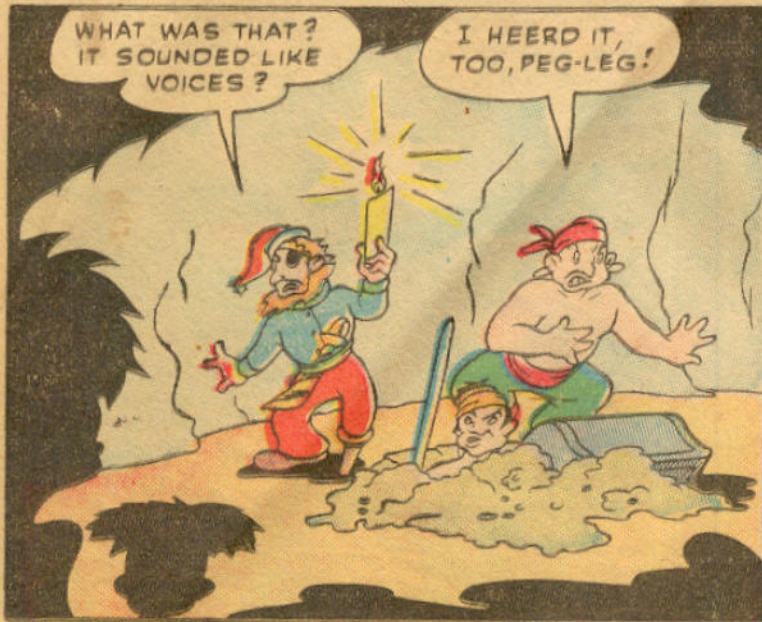
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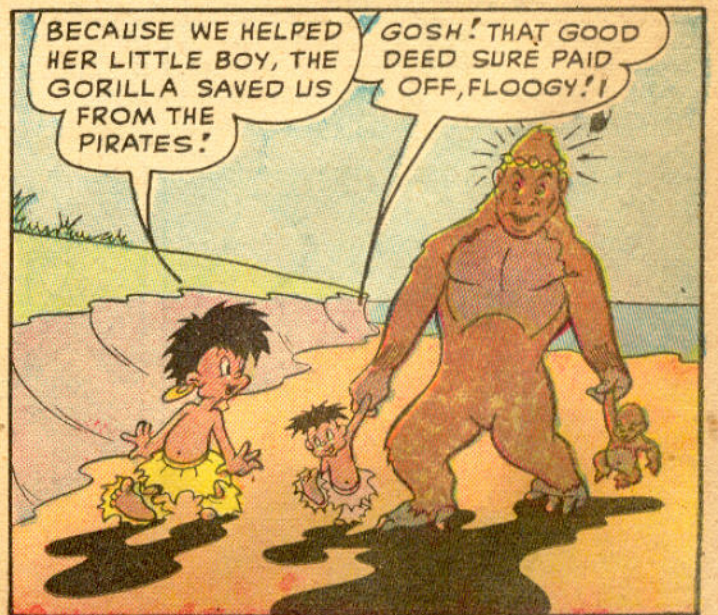
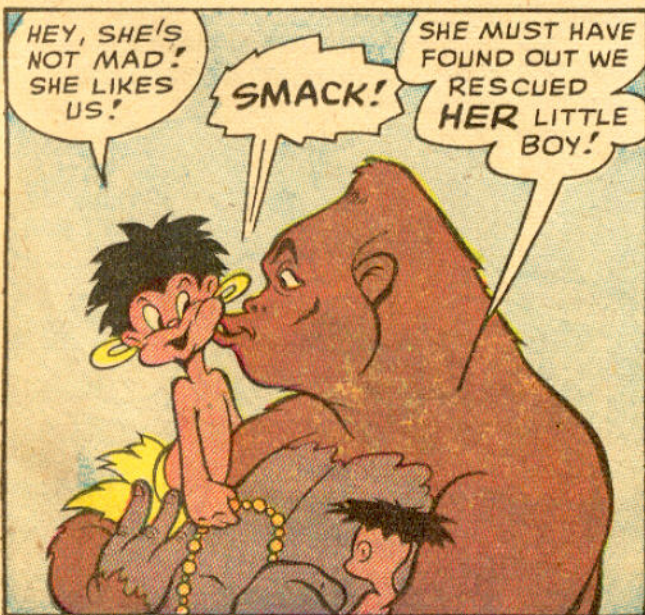
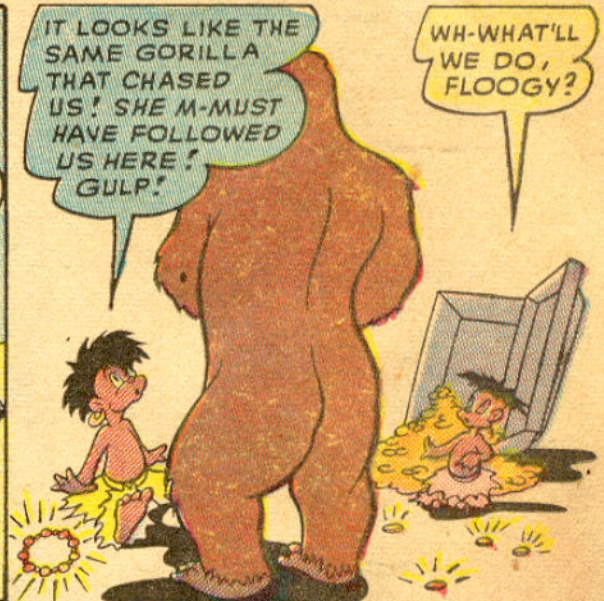
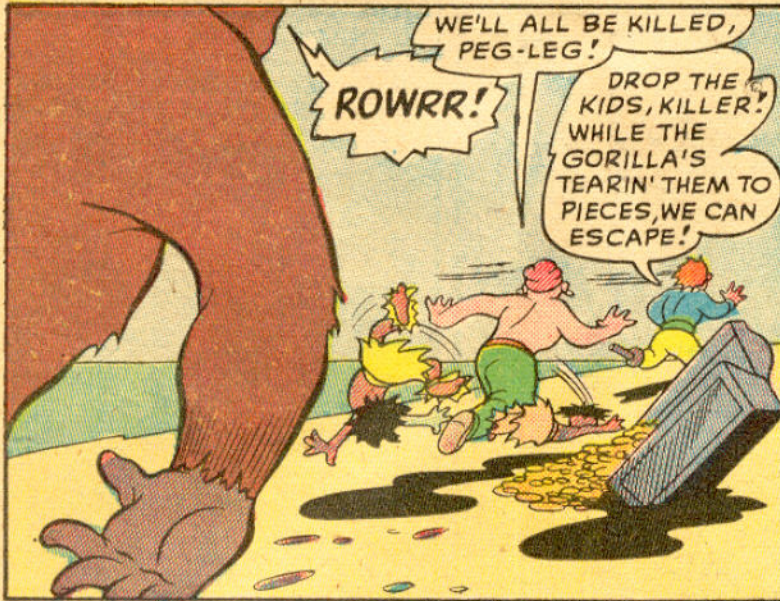
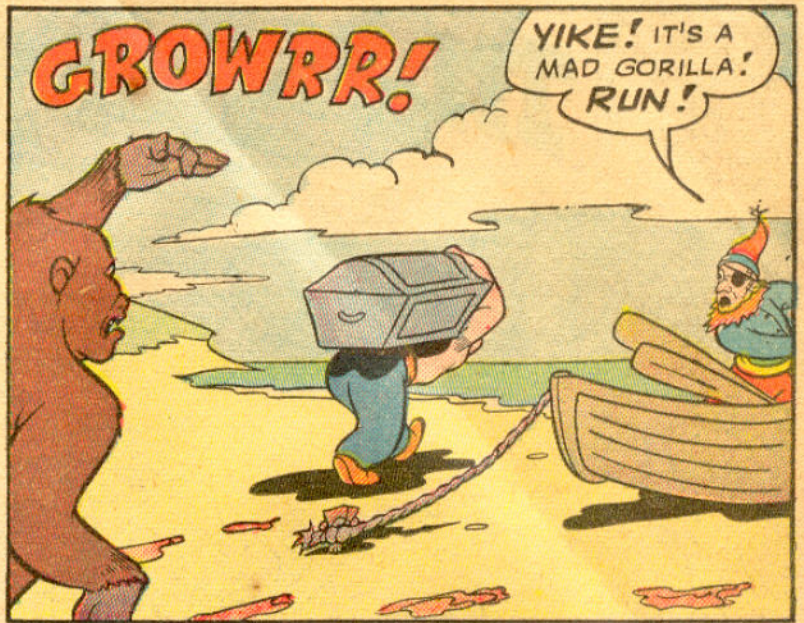
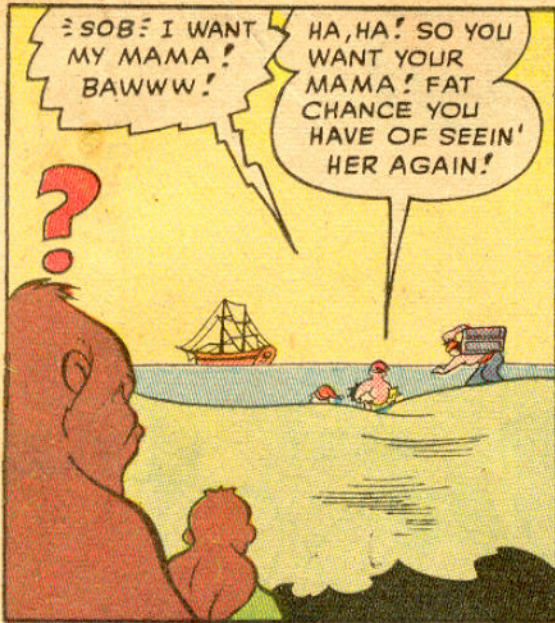


CRACK COMICS



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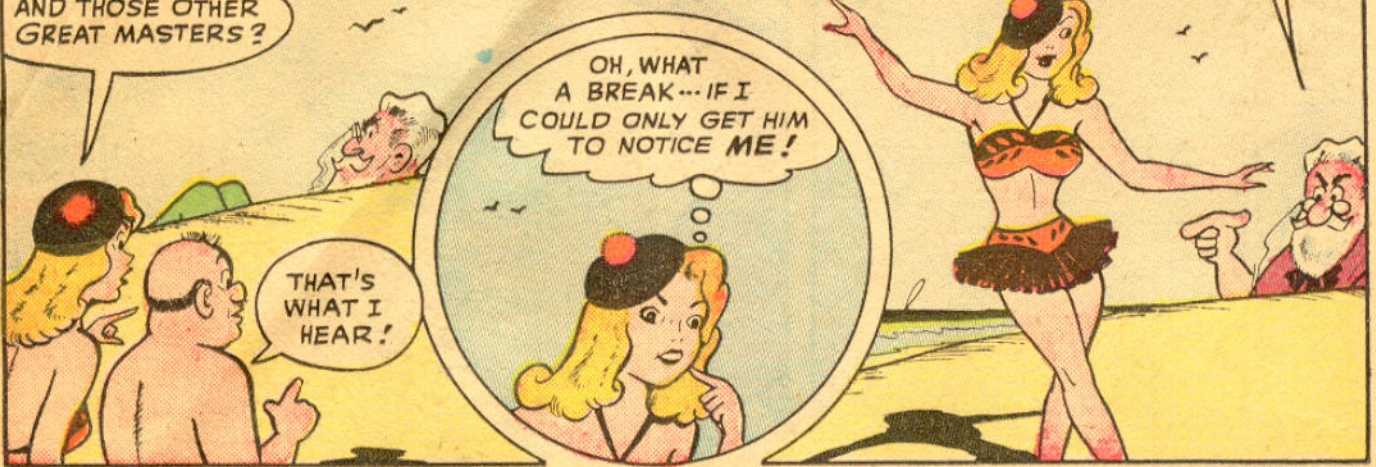




A GREAT SCULPTOR, YOU SAY? YOU MEAN HE RANKS WITH RODIN AND THOSE OTHER GREAT MASTERS?

Molly the Model

AH, YOUNG LADY... PARDON ME, BUT...



YOU MEAN YOU'D **REALLY** LIKE ME TO POSE FOR YOU?

WHY NOT, YOUNG WOMAN?



30 minutes later...

THIS POSE IS KILLING ME, BUT IF I CAN **ONLY** PLEASE HIM...



1 hour hence...

FINISHED? OH, HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?

OH, DON'T THANK ME...



BUT...BUT... THAT'S JUST A ROUGH PRACTICE MODEL, I HOPE!

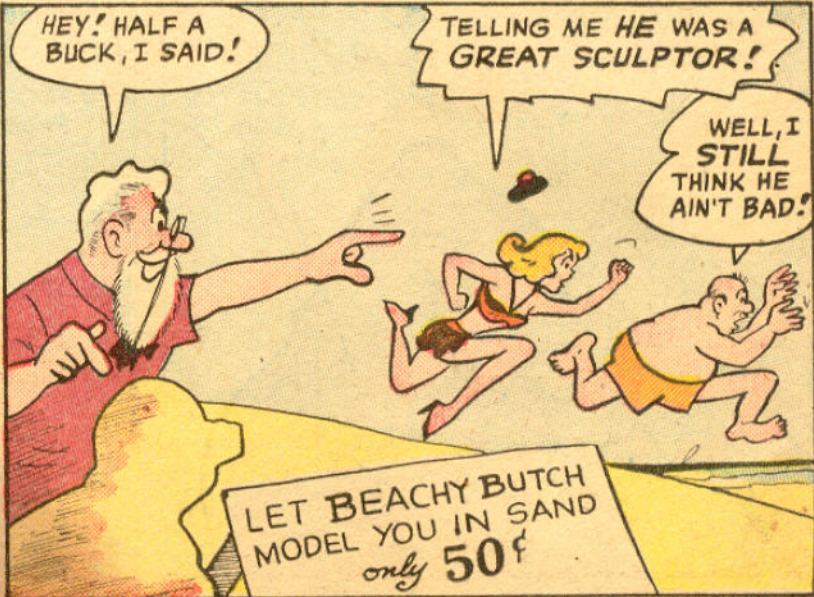
NO, INDEED... THAT IS THE FINISHED JOB... **50¢ PLEASE!**



HEY! HALF A BUCK, I SAID!

TELLING ME HE WAS A GREAT SCULPTOR!

WELL, I **STILL** THINK HE AIN'T BAD!



EES HERE
LIVE MOLLY
LE MODEL?

Molly the Model

NEVER MIND...
DO SOMETHING
TO GET RID OF
HIM, POP...
ANYTHING!

I'LL CALL
HER!

GOOD GOSH! IT MUST BE
THAT WACKY ARTIST, PIERRE...
HE WANTS TO MARRY ALL HIS
MODELS, AND I'M PROBABLY
NEXT ON HIS LIST!

SEEMS LIKE
AN UNSELFISH
HOBBY!

ANYTHING?

ANYTHING,
SHE SAID!

YIPEE!

YIPEE?

YES! YIPEE! YOU MARRY MOLLY
AND I COME TO LIVE WITH YOU...
INVITE ALL MY FRIENDS TO BIG
PARTIES IN YOUR STUDIO EVERY
NIGHT --- GAY TIMES FOR ALL
AND I RETIRE --- ZOWIE,
POW AND WOW!

HMM!

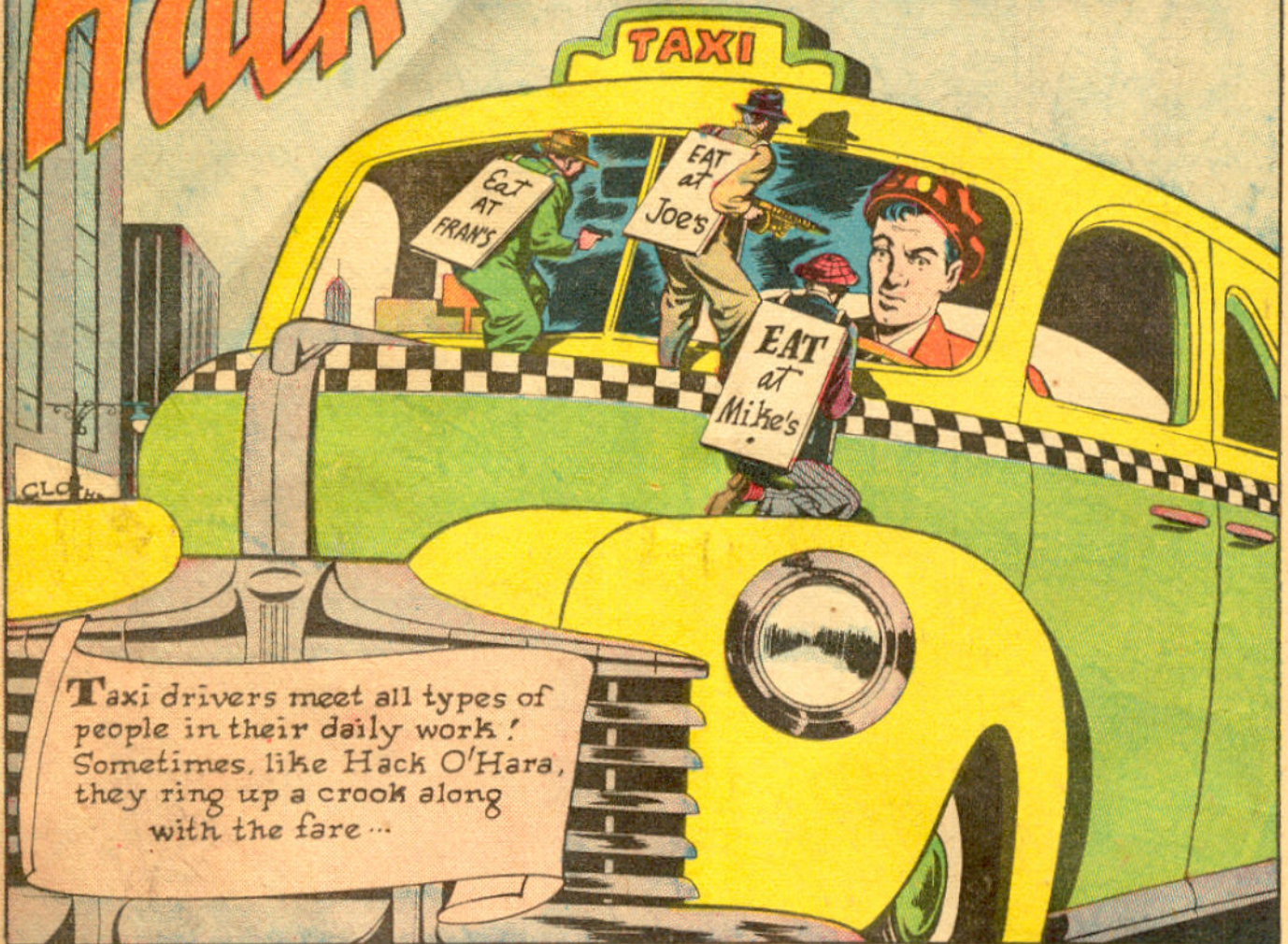
I ONLY CAME TO PAY MOLLY HER
BACK WAGES, BUT NOW YOU
MENTION MARRYING AND ZAT
PARTY STUFF! ZOWIE, POW
AND WOW! I LIKE ZE IDEA,
TOO!

I HAVE LOTSA MONEY
AND RETIRE, TOO!
WHEN IS WEDDING?
WOW!

ER... SAY, MOLLY... ARE YOU SURE
YOU DON'T WANNA GO THROUGH
WITH THIS? HE SEEMS LIKE A
VERY SENSIBLE CHAP
TO ME!

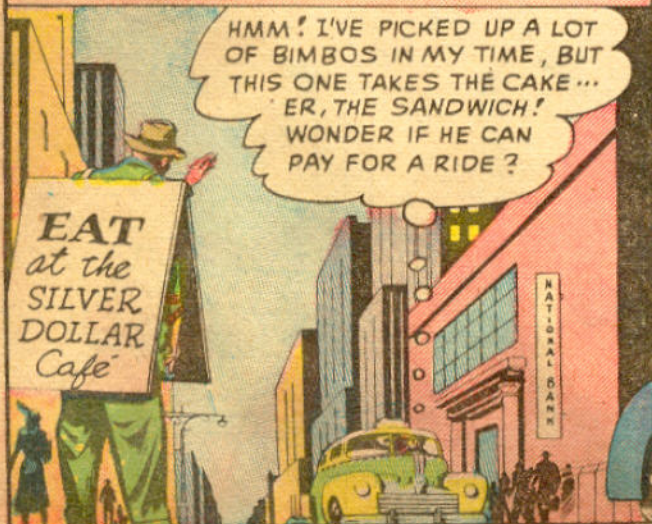
LET ME OUT OF
THIS CRAZY HOUSE
BEFORE I CRACK UP
WITH THE TWO OF
YOU!

Hack O'HARA



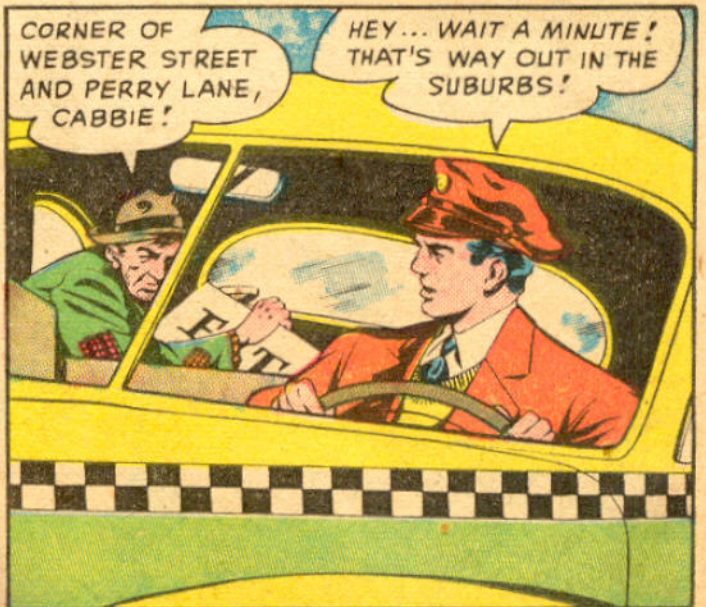
Taxi drivers meet all types of people in their daily work! Sometimes, like Hack O'Hara, they ring up a crook along with the fare...

...Take, for instance, Hack's adventure with the wealthy sandwich man...

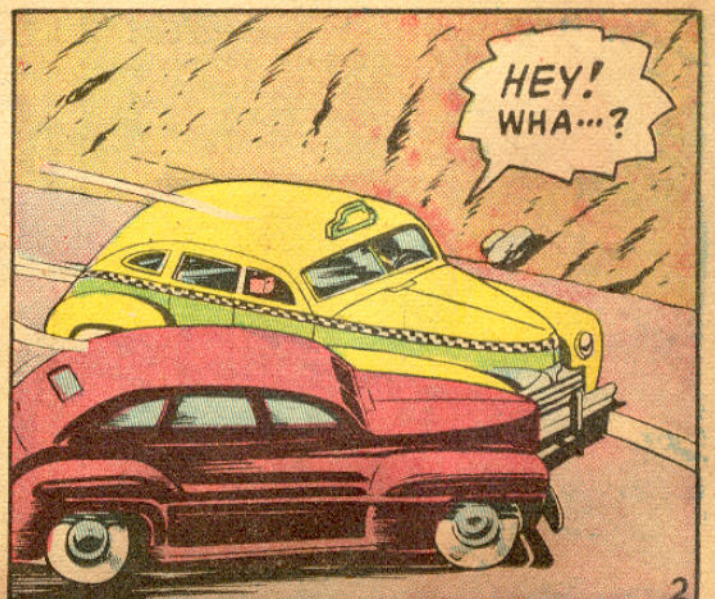
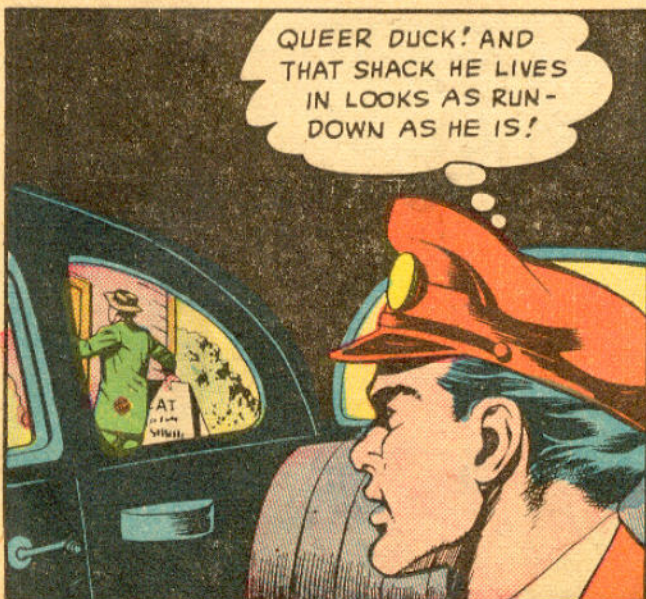
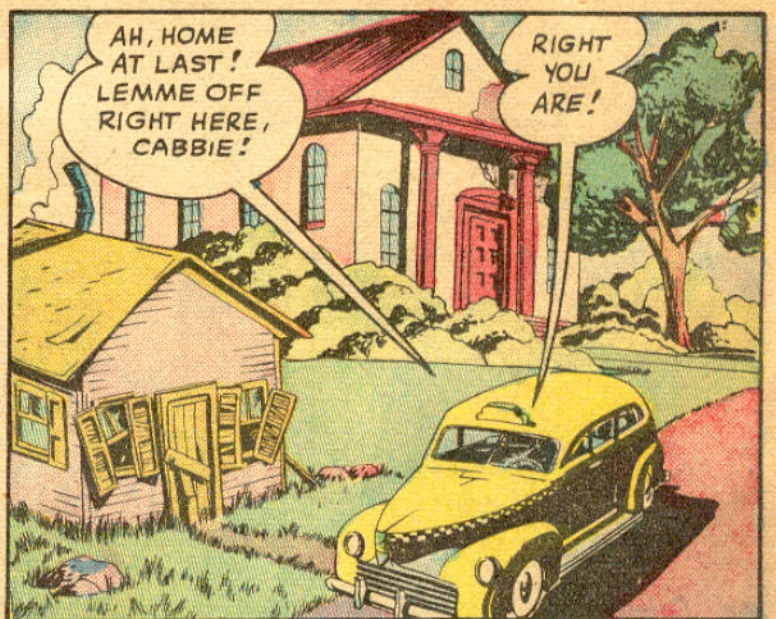


CORNER OF WEBSTER STREET AND PERRY LANE, CABBIE!

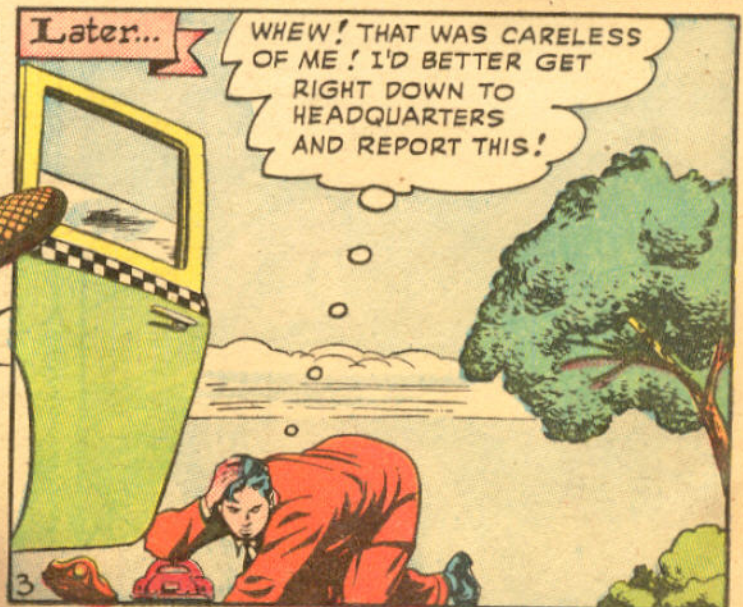
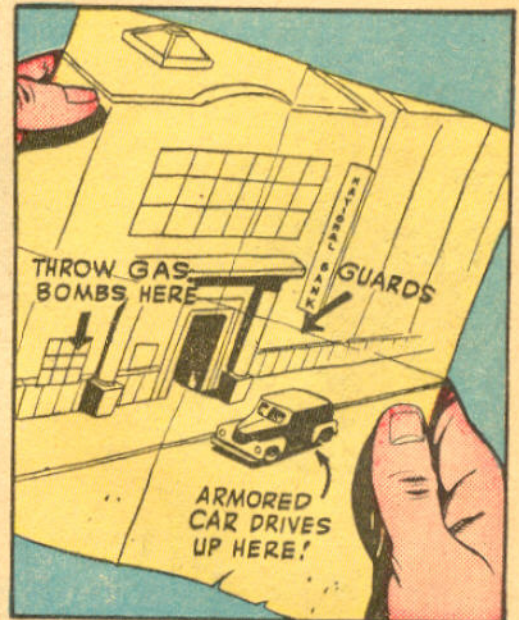
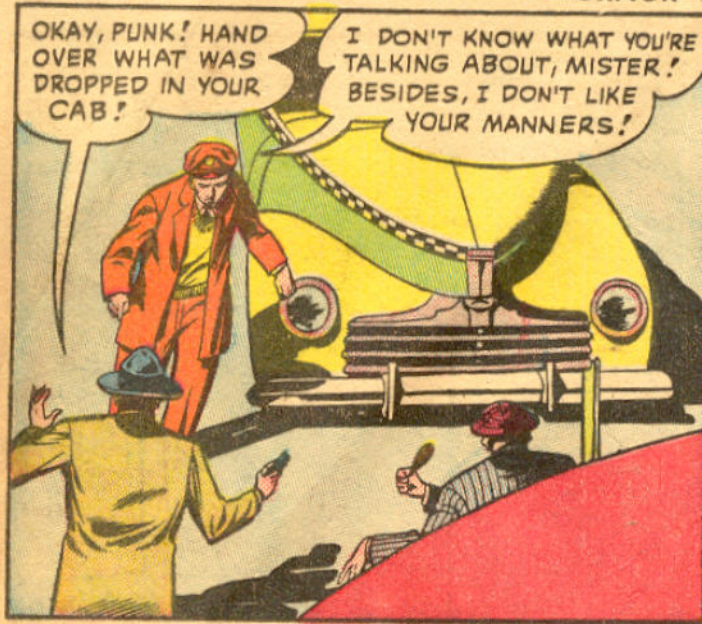
HEY... WAIT A MINUTE! THAT'S WAY OUT IN THE SUBURBS!



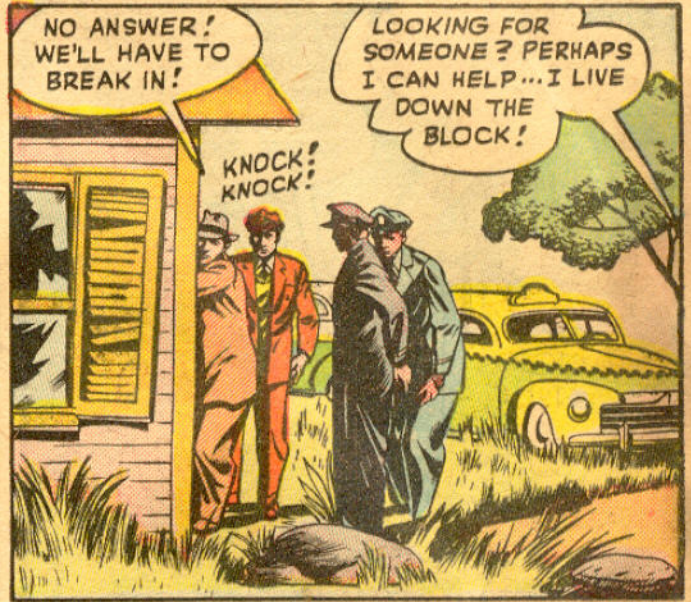
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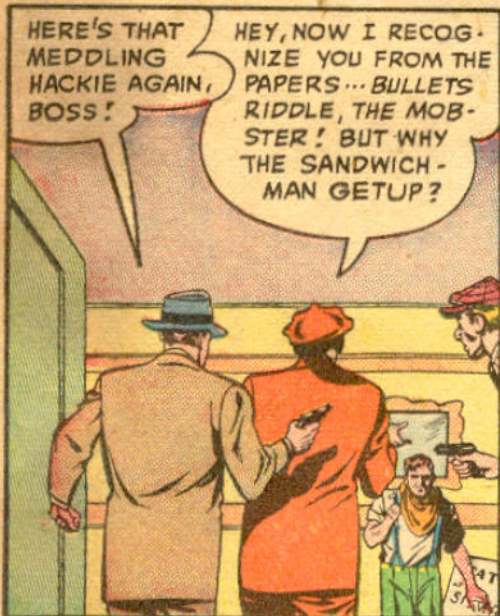
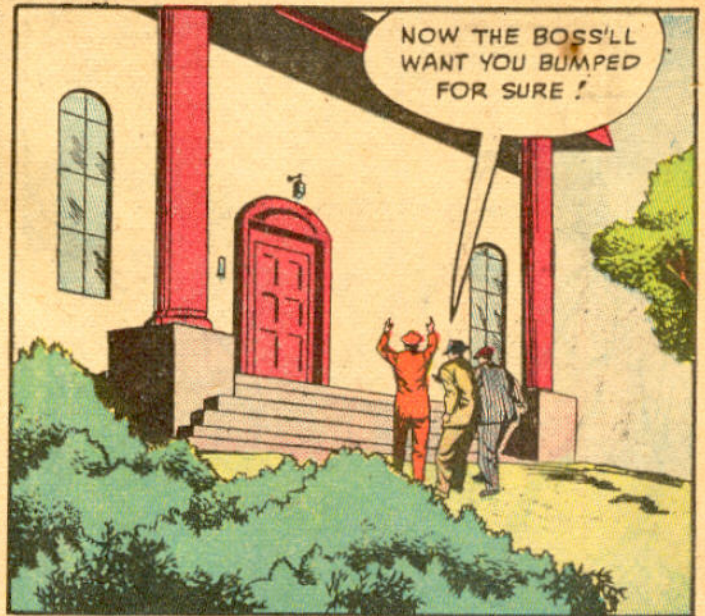
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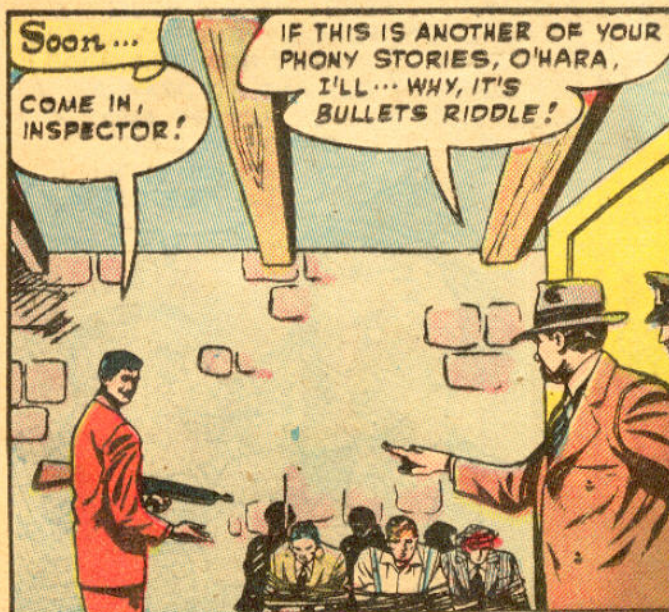
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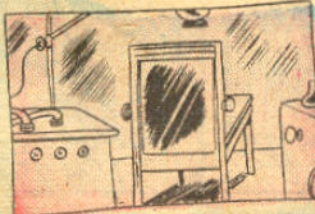


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DAILY GAZETTE

LONE THIEF NETS HALF-MILLION IN RADIUM!

POLICE STUMPED OVER LACK OF CLUES IN HOSPITAL ROBBERY!



In broad daylight, with hundreds of employees about, a mysterious stranger stepped boldly into the X-Ray laboratory of City Hospital and melted away seconds later with over half a million dollars

By Klaus



BUT WHY CALL ME IN ON THIS DEAL, BOSS? I DO MY DETECTIVE WORK IN **PEN AND INK**... THIS JOB CALLS FOR A GUMSHOE EXPERT, NOT AN ARTIST!



DON'T YOU GET IT, YOU SAP? HIS FACE IS A MYSTERY TO A MILLION PEOPLE! IF YOU CAN PICK UP JUST A SMIDGEN OF WHAT HIS PAN LOOKS LIKE, WE'LL SCOOP THE TOWN!



OKAY, CHIEF! WHAT'S A SMIDGEN?

HERE! HERE'S YOUR PENCIL... AND SOME PAPER! NOW BE A GOOD BOY AND GO DRAW A NICE PICTURE AND DADDY WILL NOT KICK YOU IN THE TEETH!

CRACK COMICS

YOU FIGURE IT OUT, MILLER! THE GUY'S A GHOST, IF YOU ASK ME! NOT A FINGERPRINT, NOT A WITNESS, NOT A CLUE!

WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT A LABORATORY TECHNICIAN BEING IN THE X-RAY ROOM AT THE TIME OF THE ROBBERY?

NO HELP THERE, EITHER! THE TECHNICIAN PLACED THE VIAL OF RADIUM ON A TABLE IN THE DARKROOM! HE KNEW SOMEONE CAME IN, BUT HE THOUGHT IT WAS A MEMBER OF THE HOSPITAL STAFF!

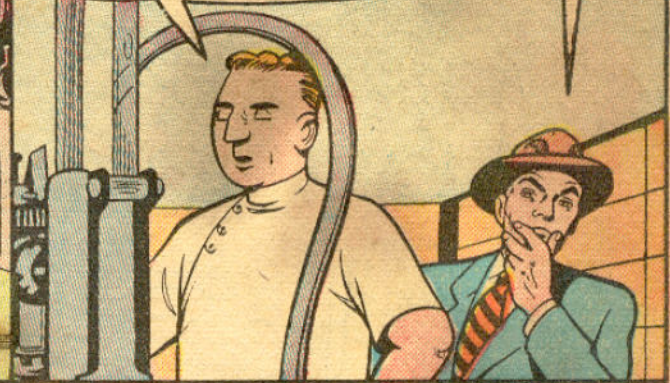
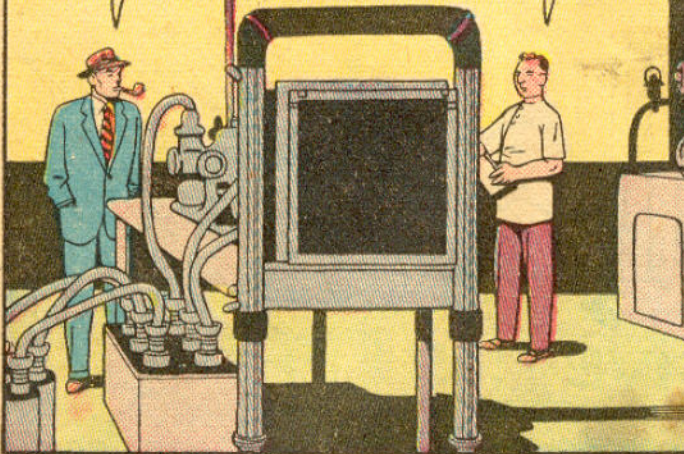
THANKS, CHIEF! I'LL HOP OVER AND TALK TO THE GUY!

ISN'T IT UNUSUAL TO LEAVE SUCH A LARGE AMOUNT OF RADIUM UNGUARDED?

AS A MATTER OF FACT, MR. MILLER, I HAD JUST BROUGHT THE VIAL IN TO STORE IT AWAY!

I HAD PUT IT DOWN HERE AND TURNED OFF THE LIGHTS TO TEST ONE OF THE X-RAY MACHINES, WHEN I HEARD SOMEONE ENTER AND LEAVE ALMOST IMMEDIATELY!

AND YOU THOUGHT IT WAS ONE OF THE STAFF, EH?



SAY! THAT MUCH RADIUM SHOULD PACK A TERRIFIC RADIATION POWER, SHOULDN'T IT?

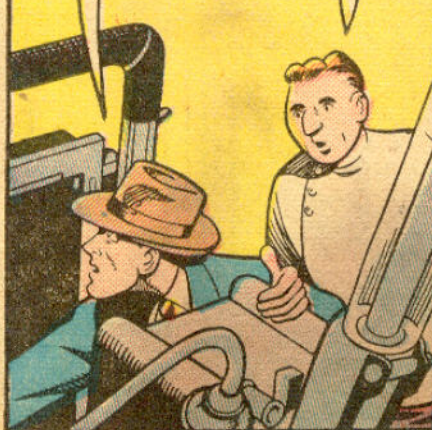
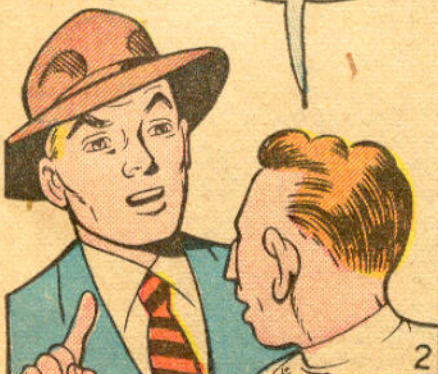
WELL, YES... ALTHOUGH IT WAS SEALED IN A HEAVY LEAD CONTAINER, SOME OF THE RAYS MIGHT POSSIBLY LEAK THROUGH!

IN ORDER TO SNATCH THE VIAL, THE GUY HAD TO GET BETWEEN THE VIAL AND THIS UPRIGHT MACHINE, RIGHT?

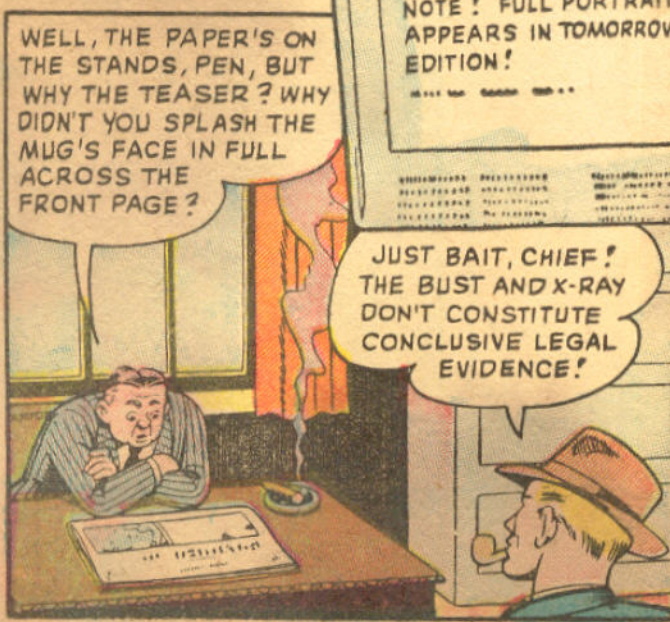
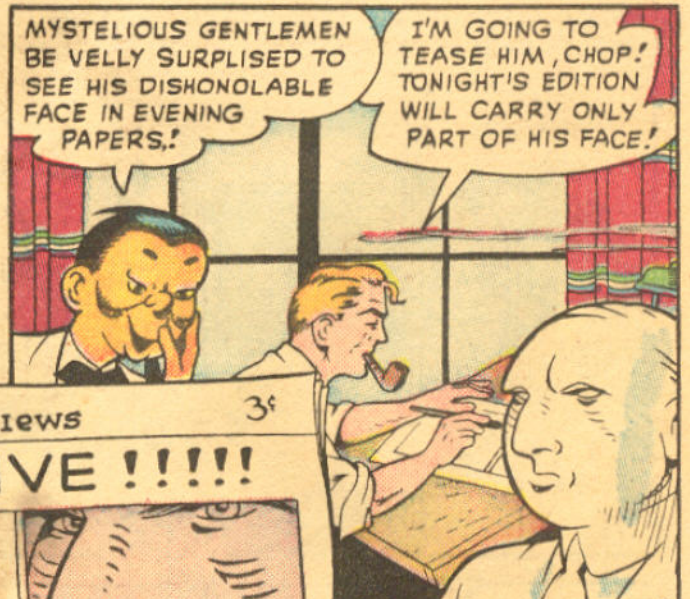
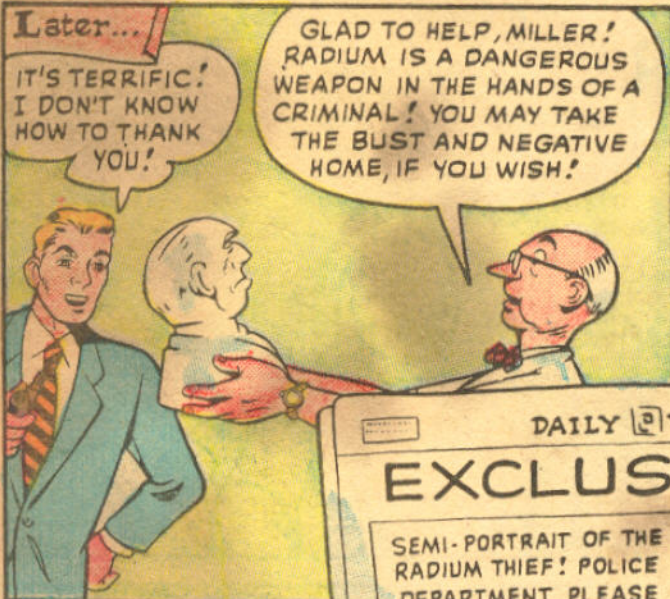
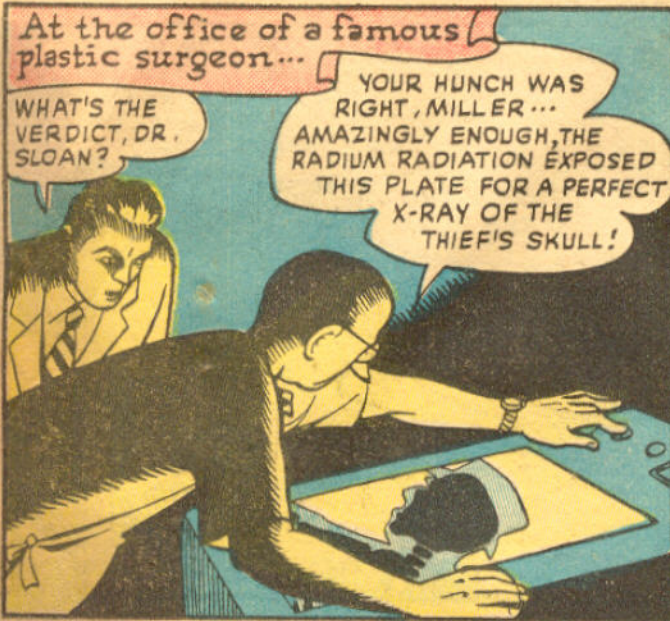
I GUESS SO, BUT WH...

HEY, THAT'S AN UNEXPOSED X-RAY PLATE!

MAYBE IT'S UNEXPOSED AND MAYBE IT ISN'T, BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!



CRACK COMICS



DAILY @views 3¢

EXCLUSIVE !!!!!

SEMI- PORTRAIT OF THE RADIUM THIEF! POLICE DEPARTMENT PLEASE NOTE! FULL PORTRAIT APPEARS IN TOMORROW'S EDITION!



TONIGHT'S EDITION WILL PANIC THE CROOK! HE'LL HAVE TO ACT FAST TO KEEP HIS PAN OFF THE FRONT PAGE OF A MILLION EDITIONS TOMORROW!

ALL I HOPE IS, I STILL HAVE A CAR-TOONIST TOMORROW MORNING!

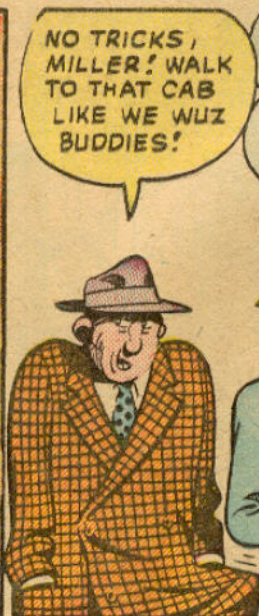
JUST BAIT, CHIEF! THE BUST AND X-RAY DON'T CONSTITUTE CONCLUSIVE LEGAL EVIDENCE!

WELL, THE PAPER'S ON THE STANDS, PEN, BUT WHY THE TEASER? WHY DIDN'T YOU SPLASH THE MUG'S FACE IN FULL ACROSS THE FRONT PAGE?

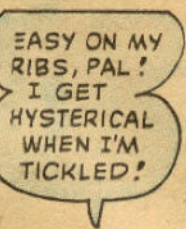
CRACK COMICS



WELL, THE SHEET'S BEEN OUT LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE A CERTAIN PARTY A STIFF SCARE! WE SHOULD GET A NIBBLE PRETTY SOON!



NO TRICKS, MILLER! WALK TO THAT CAB LIKE WE WUZ BUDDIES!



EASY ON MY RIBS, PAL! I GET HYSTERICAL WHEN I'M TICKLED!



WELL...! THIS S COZY!

IT'LL BE A LOT COZIER WHERE WE'RE TAKING YOU, MILLER!



HERE'S OUR ARTIST FRIEND, CIRO!

EXCELLENT! KEEP HIM COVERED!



RECOGNIZE THESE ITEMS, MILLER? UNFORTUNATELY, I COULDN'T BRING YOUR CHINESE MANSERVANT ALONG! HE RUDELY WENT TO SLEEP WHEN WE ENTERED YOUR APARTMENT!

YOU GUYS WORK FAST! I SUPPOSE YOU'VE FIGURED OUT WAYS OF SELLING THAT MESS OF RADIUM YOU STOLE!



THE RADIUM WILL KEEP UNTIL IT'S DISPOSED OF IN FOREIGN MARKETS! THESE ITEMS, HOWEVER, COULD BECOME A NUISANCE!

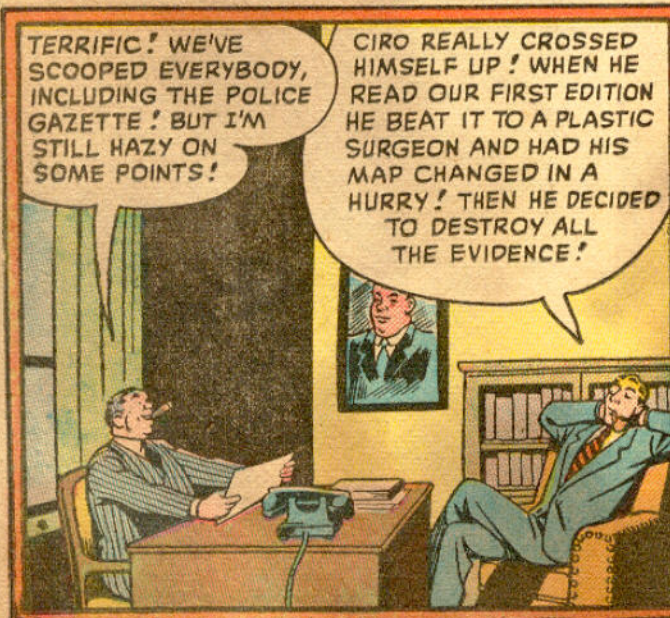
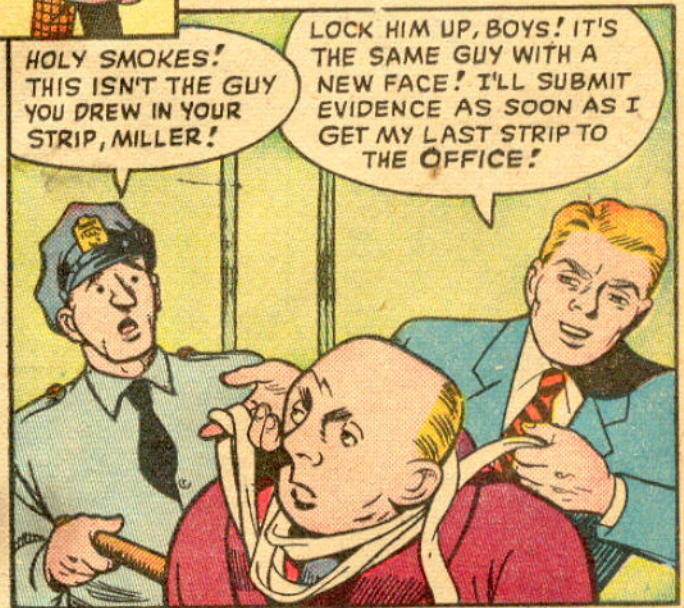
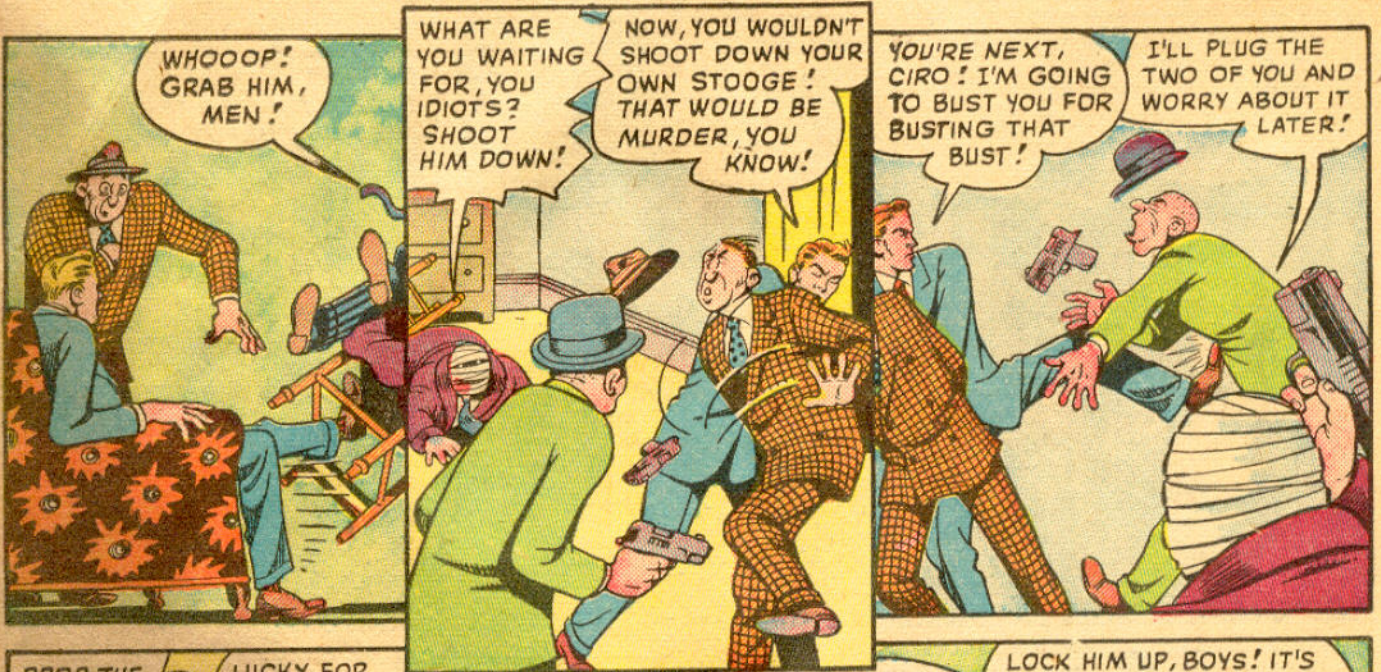
YOU'RE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE, CIRO! NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO, TOMORROW'S PAPERS WILL CARRY A CUTE SHOT OF YOU ON THE FRONT PAGE!



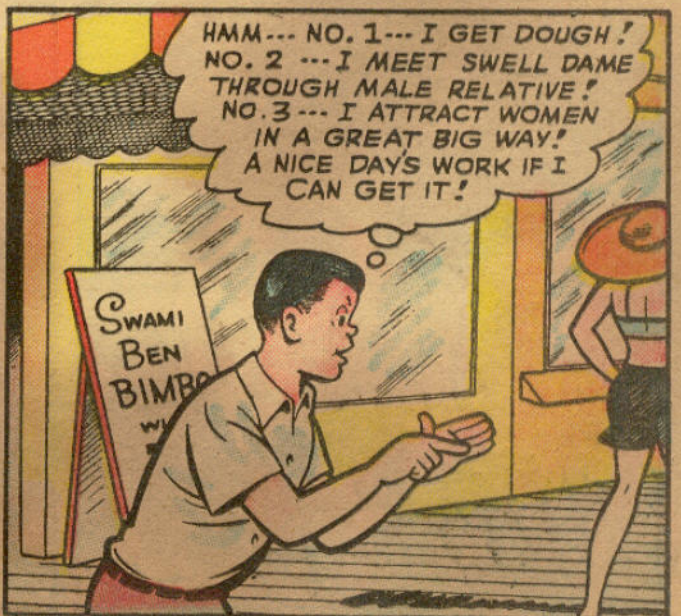
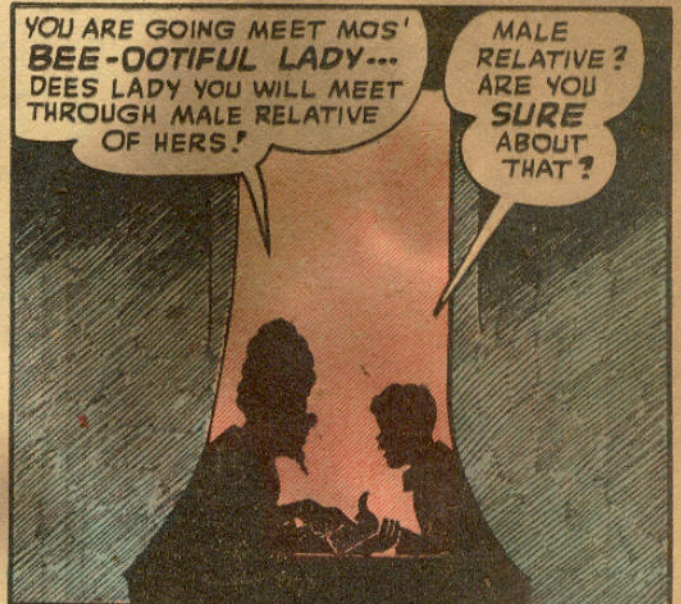
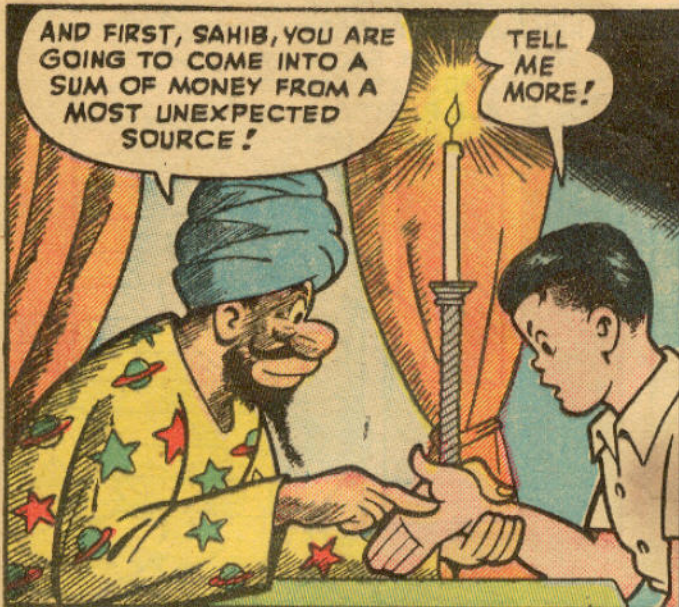
I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT IT, MILLER... MY MAIN PURPOSE IS TO DESTROY ALL EVIDENCE BEHIND ME, YOU INCLUDED!

YOU'RE CRAZY! EVERY COP IN THE COUNTRY WILL BE ON YOUR TAIL AT DAYBREAK TOMORROW! YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT!

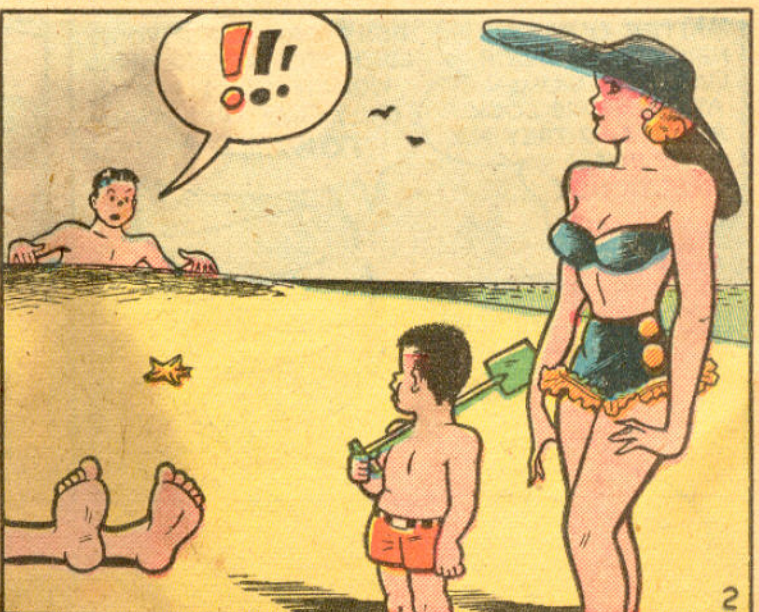
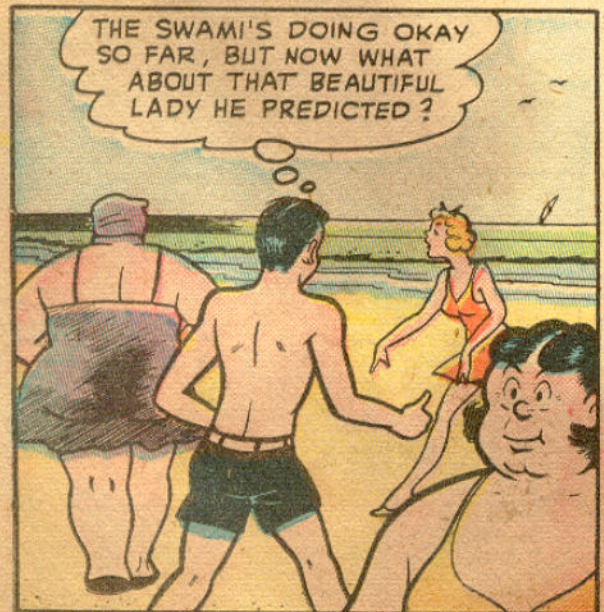
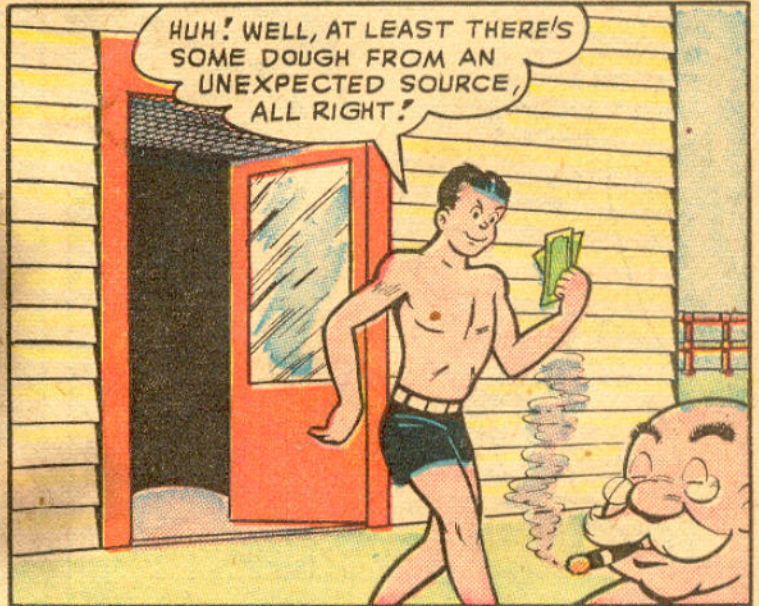
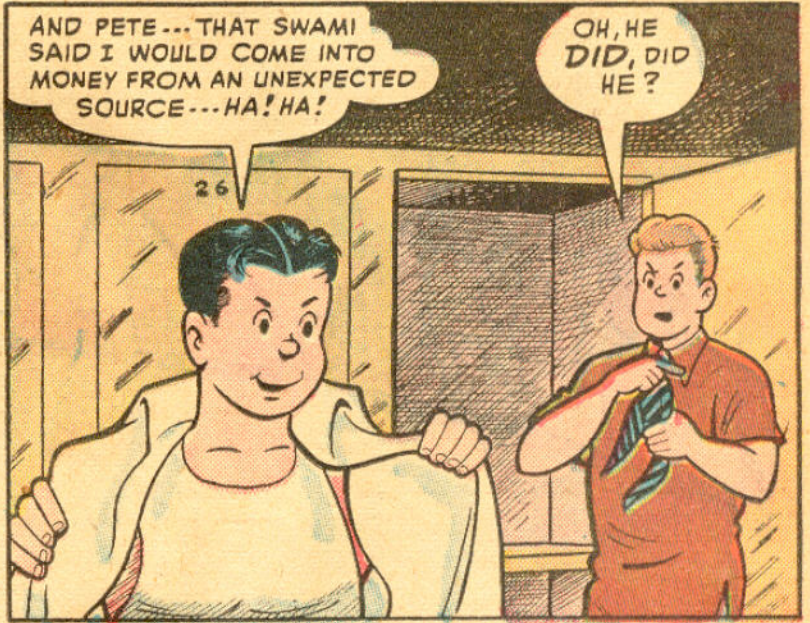
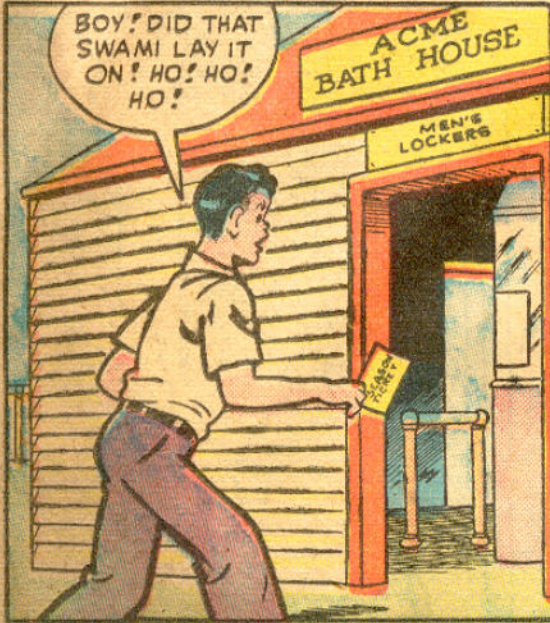
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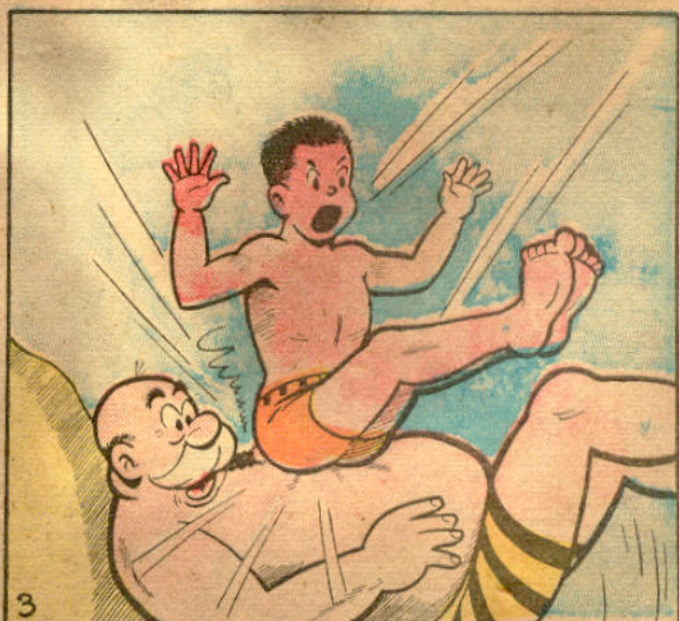
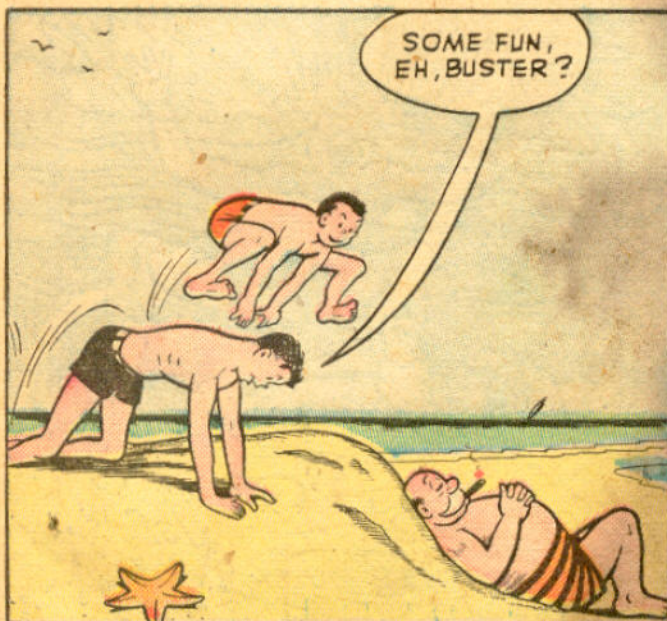
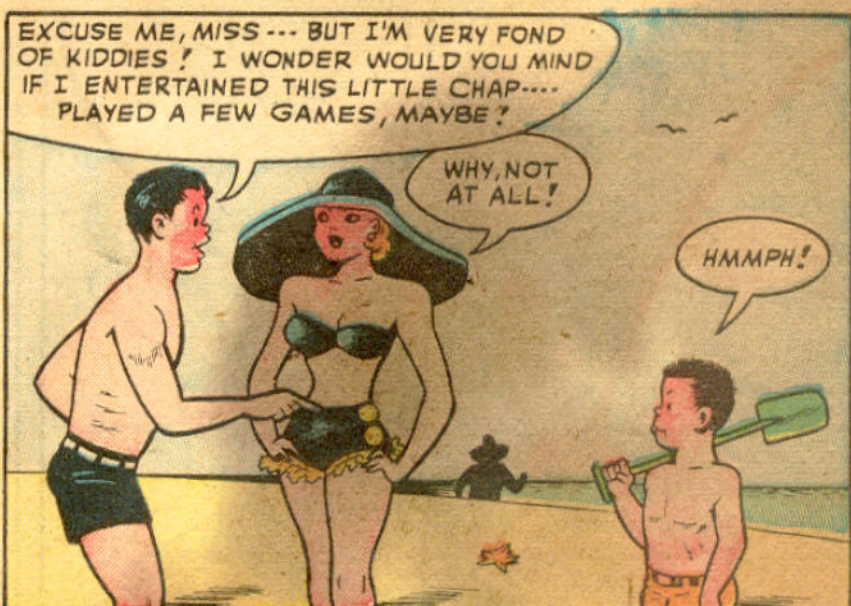


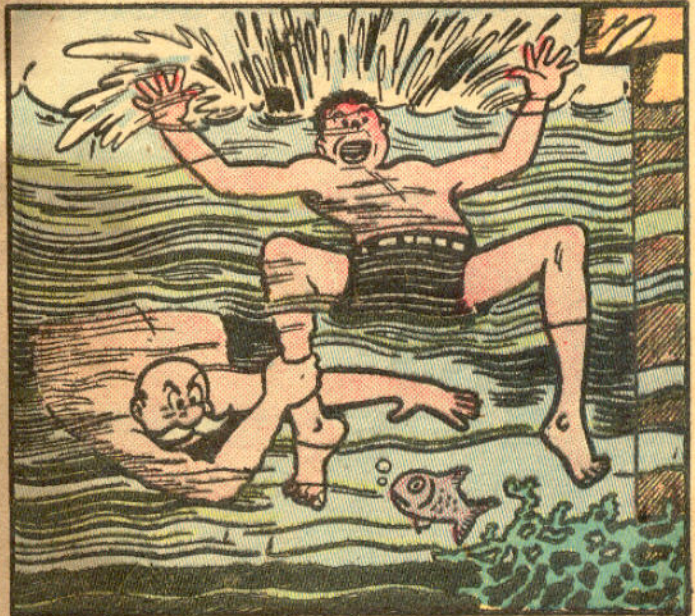
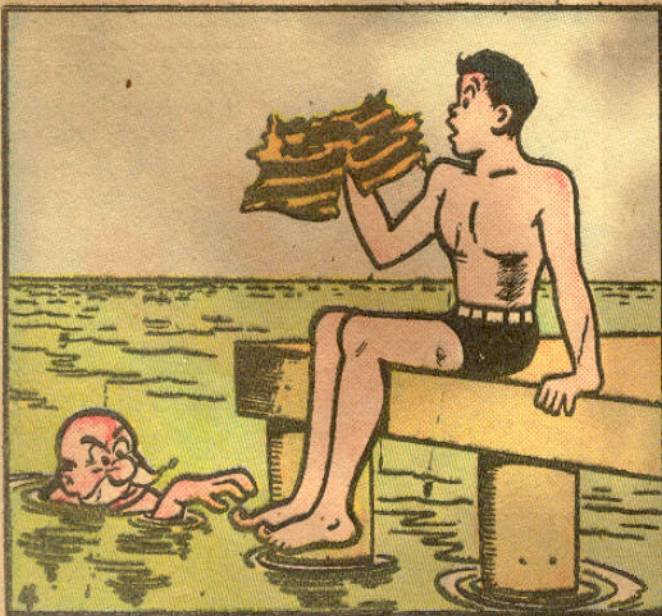
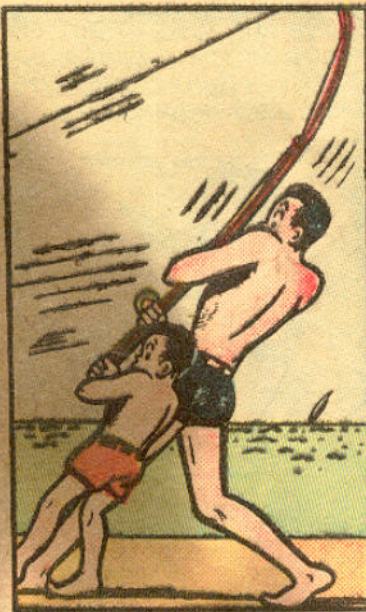
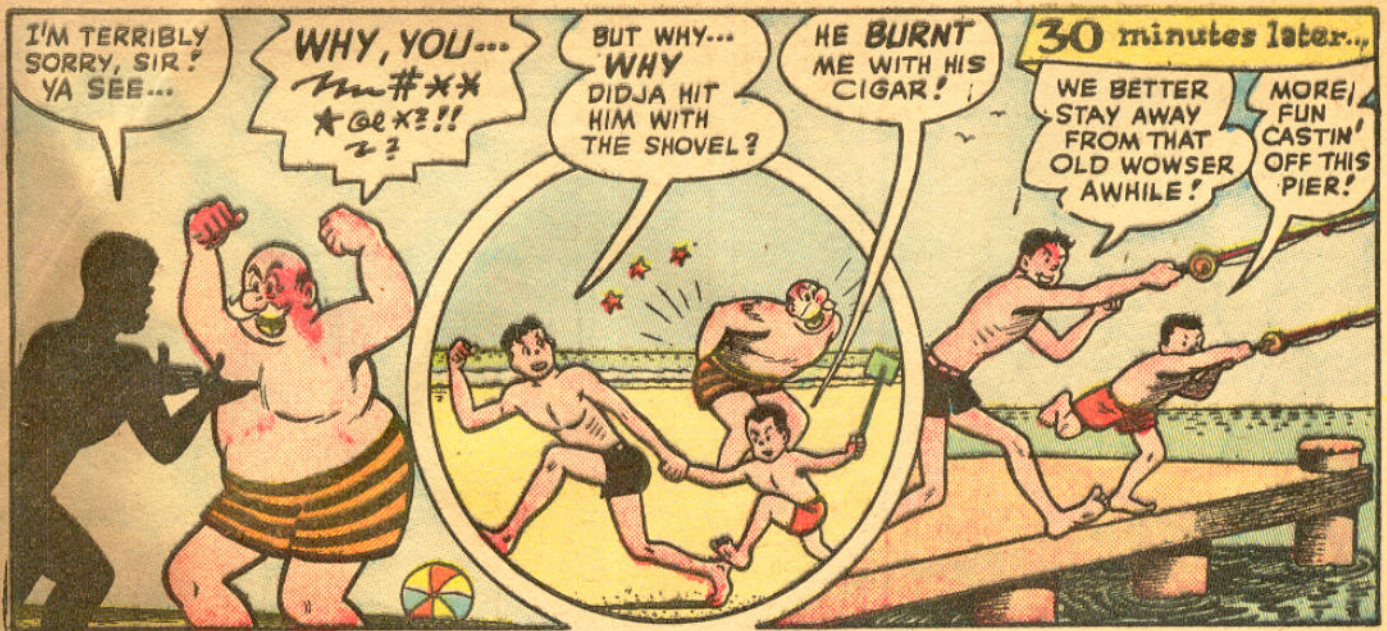
BEEZY



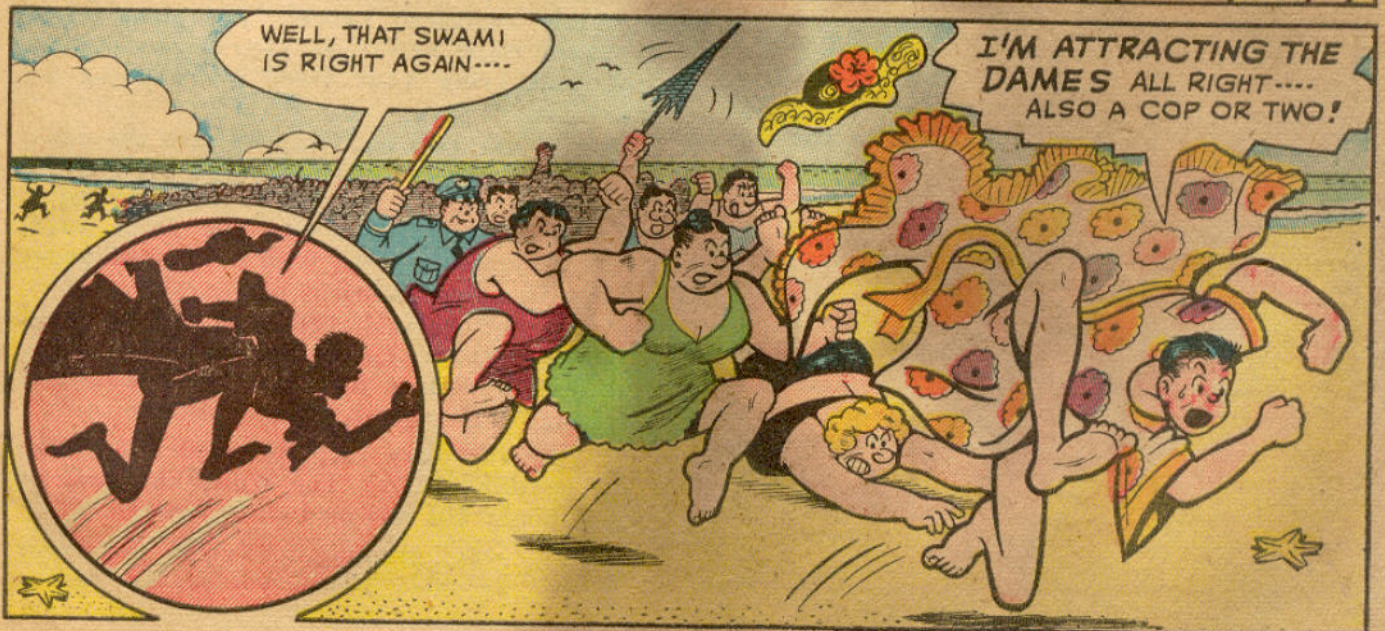
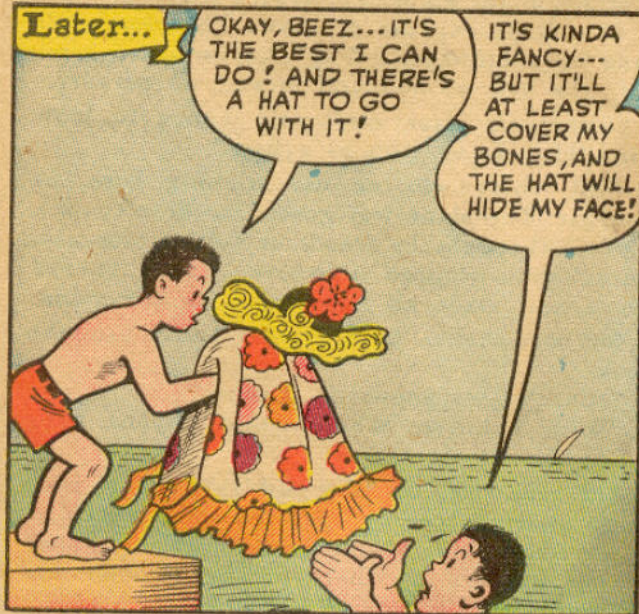
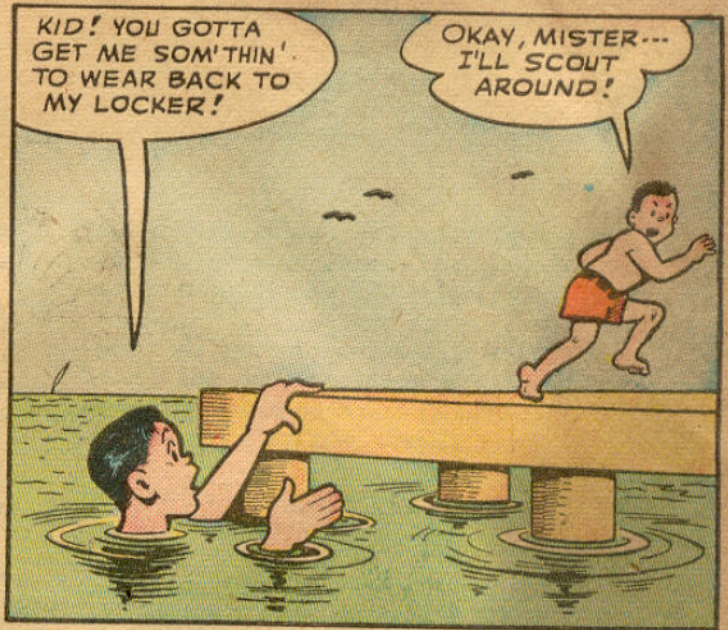
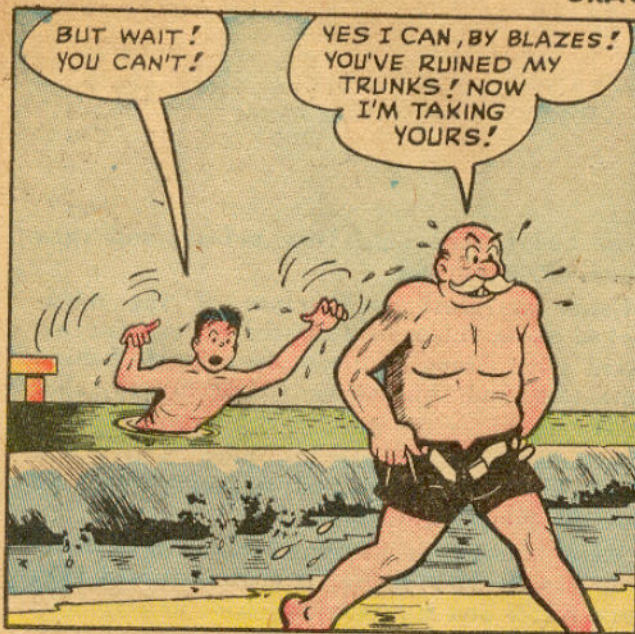
CRACK COMICS







CRACK COMICS



The WOLF



THE cabin was quiet. Outside the winter wind whined, and occasionally a particularly hard blast ripped shingles from the sloping roof.

Within, Lance Gallant sat before the roaring fire, cleaning a revolver. Biff, his friend of many years, was at work on a pair of snowshoes. There was always perfect harmony between the two pals.

"Lance," said Biff, "I'm gonna like this big-game hunting up here. Something new and excitin'."

Lance chuckled. "You will, Biff. It's been a long time since I had a go at a moose. Last time was before Michael was killed. He loved it."

Biff didn't look up at that. He knew that whenever Lance mentioned his brother's name it evoked sadness. Biff disliked to see Lance in that mood. He said quickly, "It's gonna be a howler tonight."

"Yes. I almost wish I hadn't asked Kim up here. We're due for a heavy snow, if I can read the signs."

Biff set one of the snowshoes aside and picked up the other. "Scotty's the best bush pilot in this country. Kim should be safe with him at the controls."

"It's not that part of her trip I'm worried about, Biff. It's between the landing field and here . . . and we have no way of telling when Scotty will get in tomorrow."

Biff said nothing. Lance was right. Kim was a splendid girl, the dead Michael's sweetheart, and now a pal of them both.

"Mebbe," said Biff at last. "I should go out to the strip and camp till they come in."

Lance shook his head. "No dice. That's exactly what I'm going to do. You're the best wood chopper; you keep the cabin warm. I'll be off in the morning."

There was no use in arguing with Lance Gallant; Biff knew that. But he hated to see Lance make the trip alone.

Early the next morning Lance took off on snowshoes. It was a fifteen-mile hike to the spot where Scotty would land his little bush plane. It was over rough, bog spotted tundra, that made the going hard. Biff watched Lance until he was out of sight; then he went back to splitting wood.

It took Lance over two hours to cover the distance to Scotty's landing field deep in the woods. Fresh, wide ski tracks revealed that a

plane had landed some time before, and then taken off again.

Lance searched the surface of the hard-packed snow. Then he followed a deep furrow pitted with drops of blood. In a swale behind some tamarack bushes he found Scotty, shot to death.

A cold shiver ran up his spine. Where was Kim? What had happened to her? Who had shot the pilot? And why?

After a moment he found some small moccasin tracks in a sheltered spot, assumed they were Kim's and figured that Kim had at least been out of the plane. The tracks ended abruptly in a large expanse of snow. Then she must have been kidnaped. Why? Lance asked himself. She had no financial means, no parents.

"Someone's after me," said Lance to himself. "He's using Kim as a lure."

Well, there was no use sticking here, he thought. The plane was gone. One didn't track a plane through the woods or follow moccasin prints that stopped nowhere. Lance turned about and made all haste back to the cabin.

Biff was shaken by the news Lance brought back.

"What're we gonna do, Lance?"

"Wish I knew. Where could anyone have taken Kim?"

Biff said, eyes lighting suddenly, "Say, isn't there another landing spot ten miles north of here? Remember, Scotty said something about taking hunters up there in the summer for fishing."

"Yes!" exclaimed Lance. "The plane might be there right now. Get your snowshoes on, Biff, and bring your rifle. We're going up there."

But as the two men stepped into the cabin for supplies, a small plane roared over, flying low. They rushed outside in time to see a bundle hurtling down into the front yard. It was a quart oil can with a piece of paper tied to it. Lance picked it up.

"A note," he said. "It says, 'Biff, I mean business. Deliver Lance Gallant over to me and I will return Kim unharmed. Fail and she dies.' It is signed, 'The Wolf.'"

"Why, the dirty rat!" growled Biff. "Who does he think he is? 'The Wolf,' eh? Just let me at him!" Biff was mad clear through.

Lance was grinning. "You'll get your chance," he said. "First, you've got to de-

CRACK COMICS

liver me over to 'The Wolf.' It's the only way we can save Kim. This wolf person seems to assume you know where he hangs out, probably that other landing field we were talking about."

"You mean—" began Biff.

"Just that, Biff. Take me in to him and bring Kim back safely. I'll take care of myself."

Biff knew there wasn't anything else to be done. So, in ten minutes they were off on their strange journey.

They saw the plane parked on a cleared plot near a low hill. Tracks led to a tunnel in the hill and they made their way to this dark hole, Biff behind Lance. They entered without causing any disturbance and had pushed forward several yards when a voice spoke behind them:

"Just hold it right there, gents! This is a gat in my hand." Lance felt the cold muzzle in his back.

"Now walk straight ahead," ordered the voice.

When they had entered a large cavern lighted by two oil lanterns, the voice called a halt. Then the man came around in front of them. He was stocky, red-bearded, dressed in a fur parka and paks. His face was bloated and evil, with slit eyes leering over a bulbous nose.

"Well, my hearties," he chuckled, "right on time. Make yourselves at home. You'll be here a long time."

"Where's the young lady?" demanded Lance.

The Wolf pointed to a bundle of furs in a corner.

"There, sleeping," he said.

"You'll turn her over to Biff to take back, as your note promised?" asked Lance.

The Wolf grinned evilly. "Of course, as I said, gents." Then he called out, "Lena!"

A fat Indian woman came in, carrying a tray on which there was a steaming pot of tea and three tin cups.

"Accept my humble hospitality, gents," said the man, "before—ah—Mr. Biff starts back with the young lady."

Lance and Biff each accepted a hot cup of tea and drank it. The Wolf barely touched his.

Almost instantly Biff felt his head swimming. He groped wildly at nothing and fell to the floor. Lance quickly followed, engulfed in total darkness.

When he came to, Lance realized he was tied to a post. He felt cold and wet, then realized that water was trickling down over his almost nude body. The water was rapidly freezing into a sheath of ice. He glanced to one side and saw Biff's body covered with an inch of ice. Biff's eyes moved in jerks.

Lance tried to talk, but found his face so solidly encased in ice that his jaws refused to move.

"What devil's game is this?" he said to himself. Both he and Biff were being frozen into solid pillars of ice! The Wolf had tricked them beautifully!

The Wolf stepped out before them and laughed in devilish glee. Lance could just hear what he said:

"Ho, ho! This is good! The great Lance Gallant walks into a neat trap, and I get the girl, too! Well, good-bye, boys. The water trickling over you is from a warm spring; it never freezes. You'll both be glaciers by spring."

Lance saw The Wolf shake the bundle of furs in the corner. They stirred. Then the man pulled Kim to her feet. She seemed drugged. He half carried her toward the cavern tunnel.

It was then, through his haze, that Lance remembered something—something vitally important. He managed to bring his right hand over to his left wrist and began rubbing the birthmark there.

Instantly the spirit of his dead brother, Michael, appeared before him. Lance gasped, "Help, Michael!"

A strange alchemy then took place. When he died, Michael promised Lance that he would return from eternity to help him in any just cause if he simply rubbed the birthmark on his left wrist. By so doing, Michael's spirit entered Lance's body and he became Captain Triumph, to whom no physical harm could come.

Now, Captain Triumph burst from his icy shell and in a flying leap grabbed The Wolf around the neck. The two fell backward to the floor and thrashed around for a moment. But quickly Captain Triumph was on top, his hands around the thick neck of The Wolf.

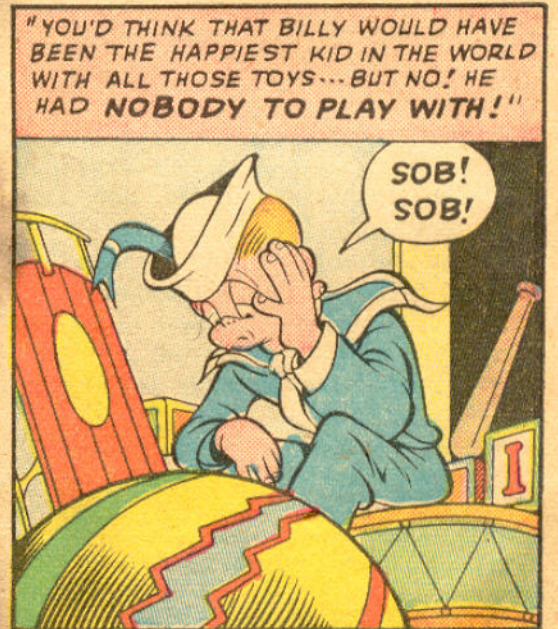
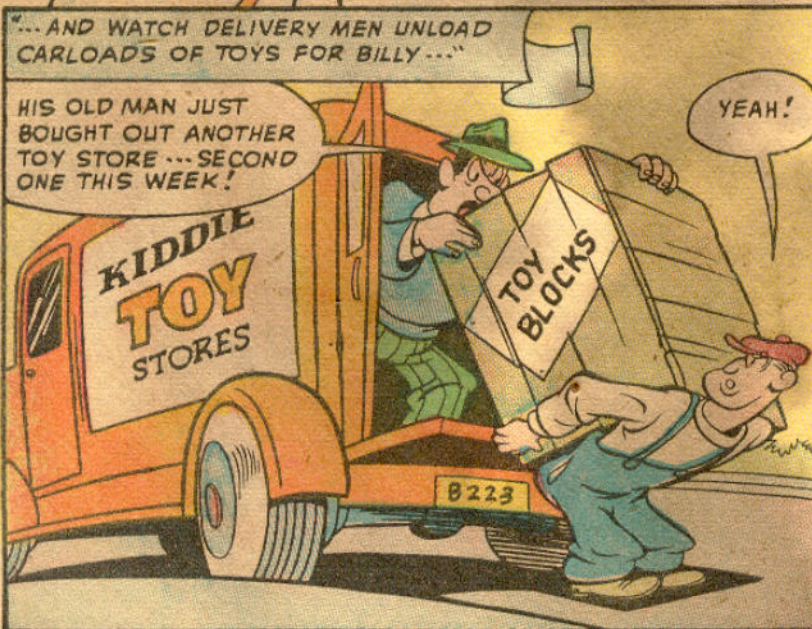
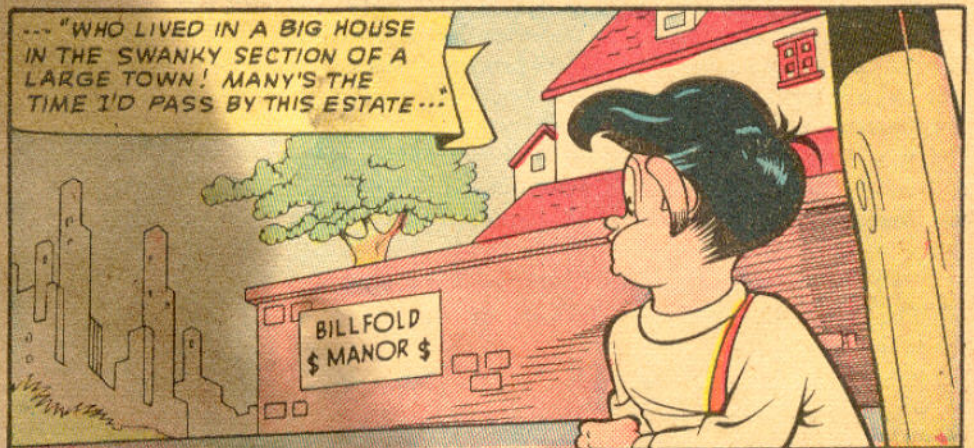
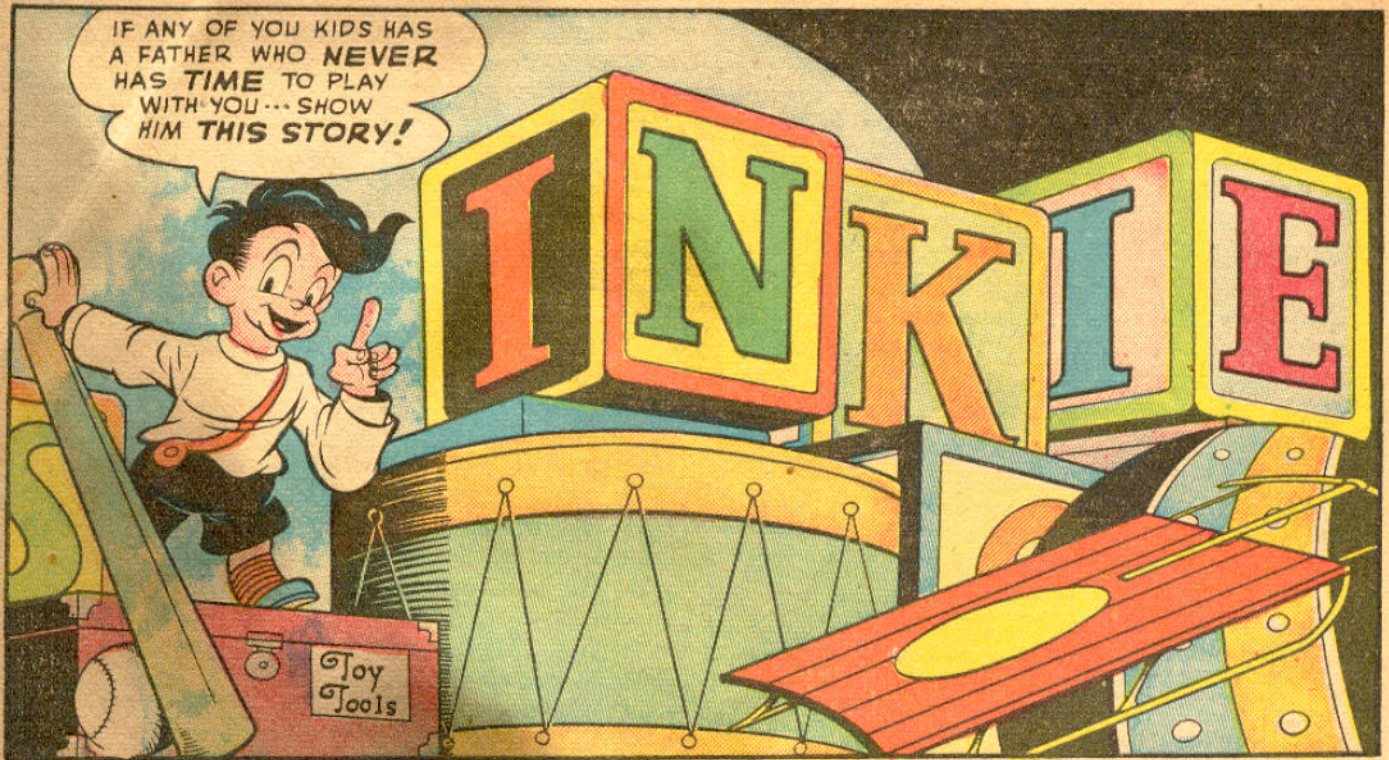
"Give up?" said Captain Triumph. "Or must I choke you to death?"

The Wolf gurgled something unintelligible, and Captain Triumph let him get to his feet. The two stood eyeing each other. Then The Wolf made a lightning strike for his holstered gun. But Captain Triumph was even faster. He grabbed the man's wrist in a steel grip, squeezed, and the gun fell to the floor.

By now Kim had fully awakened. She snatched up the gun and held it against The Wolf's back.

"I'll pull the trigger if you move," she said.

"Thanks, Kim," Lance told her. "Now I'll take over. You break that ice on Biff and cut him loose. I'll tie up this lout and we'll take him in to Moosejaw. I think the Mounted Police will be thankful to put him where he belongs."

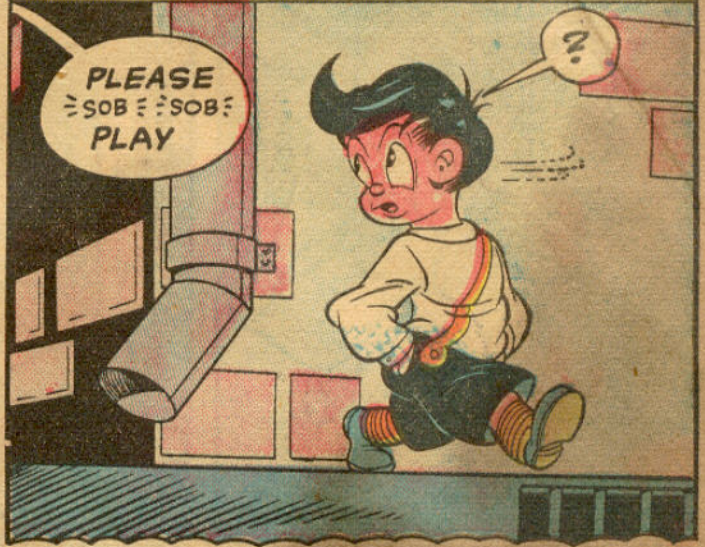


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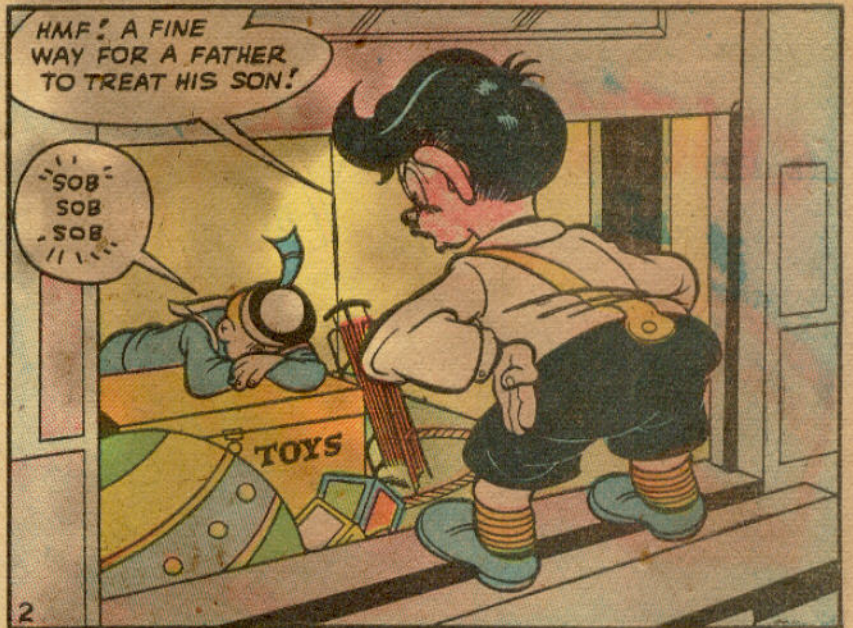
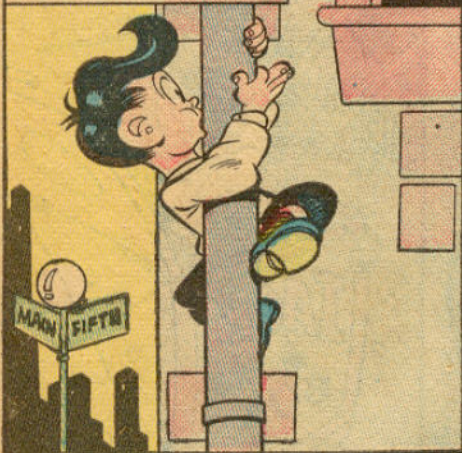
"HIS FATHER COULDN'T PLAY WITH HIM BECAUSE HE WAS ALWAYS BUSY WORKING ----"

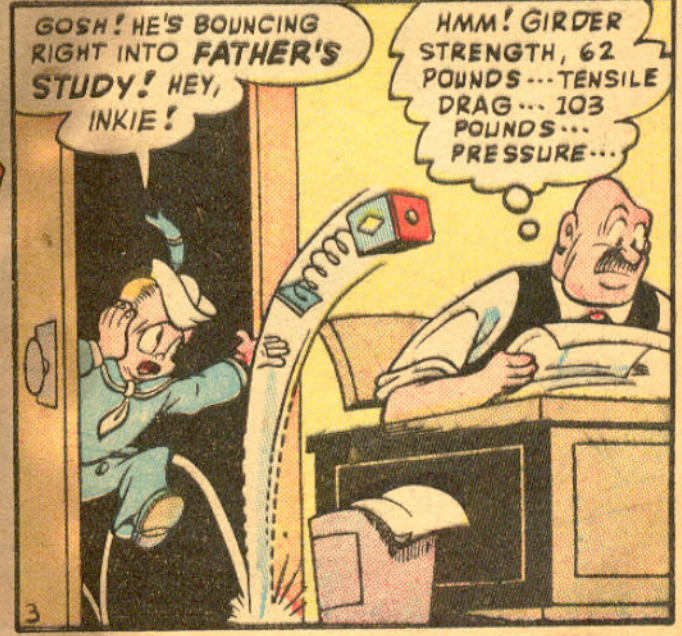
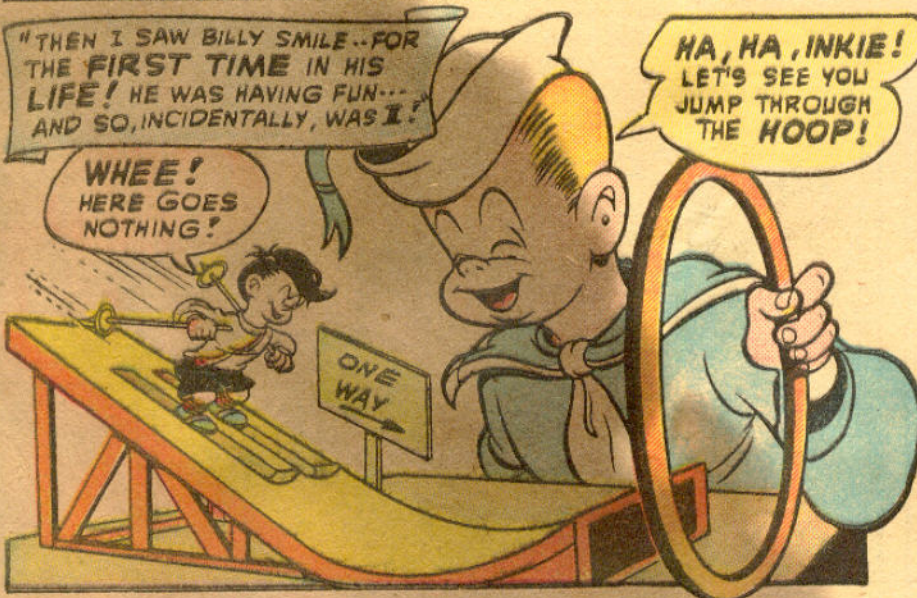
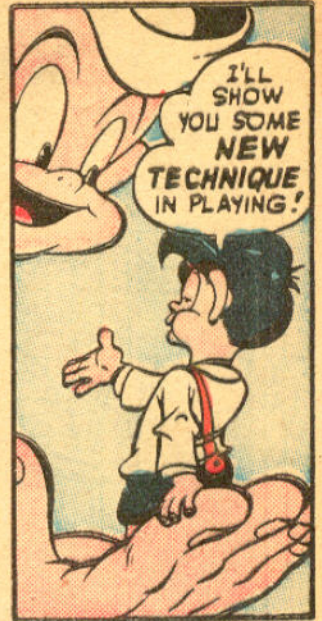
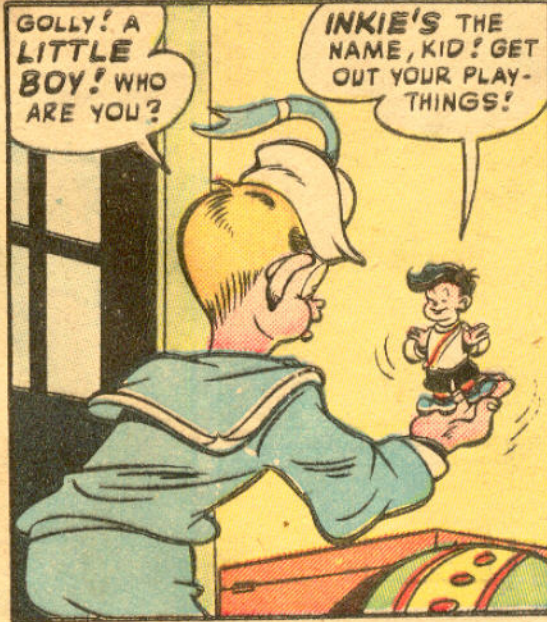
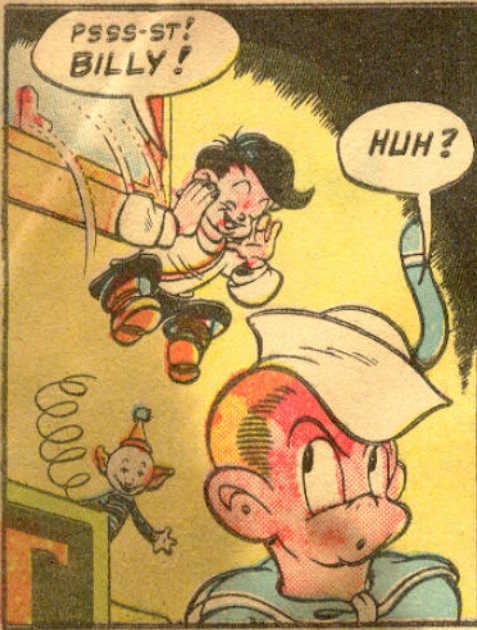


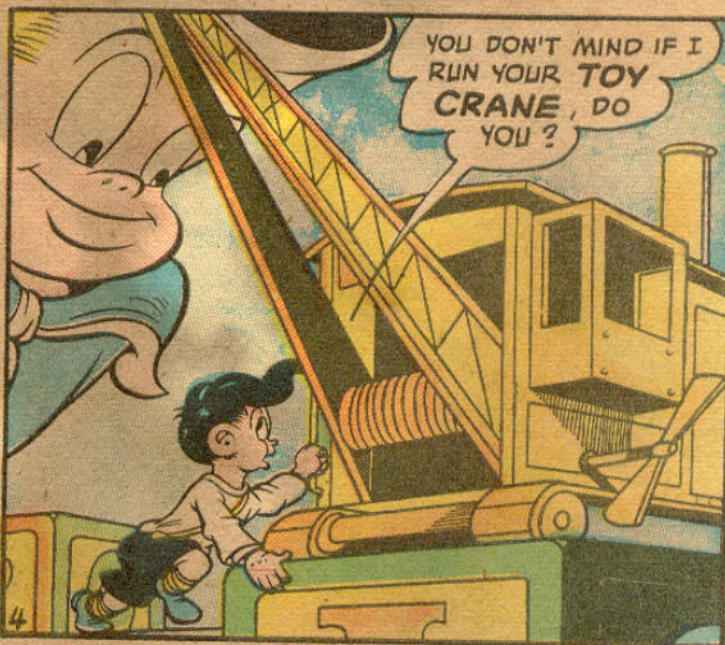
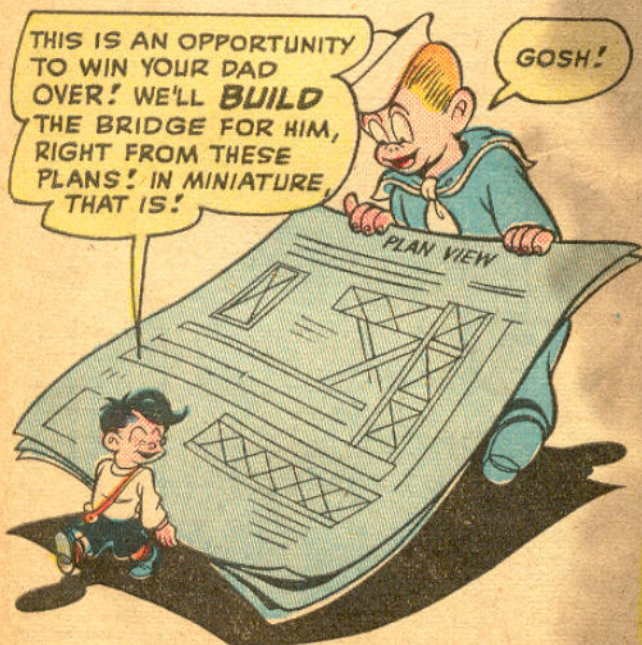
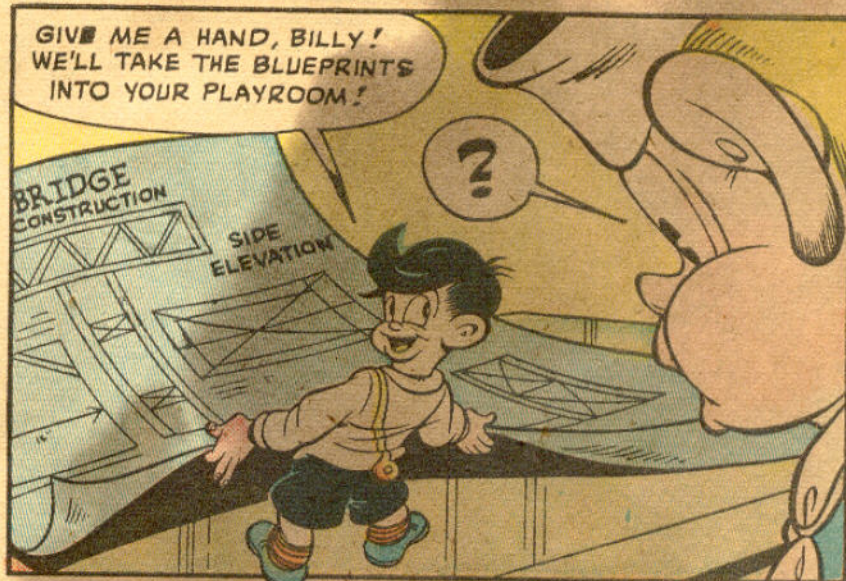
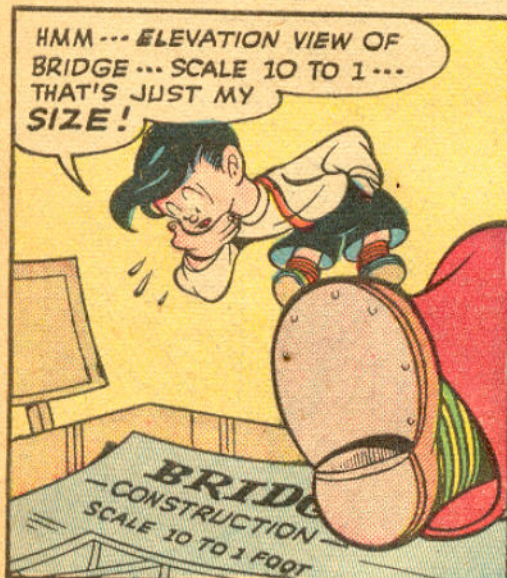
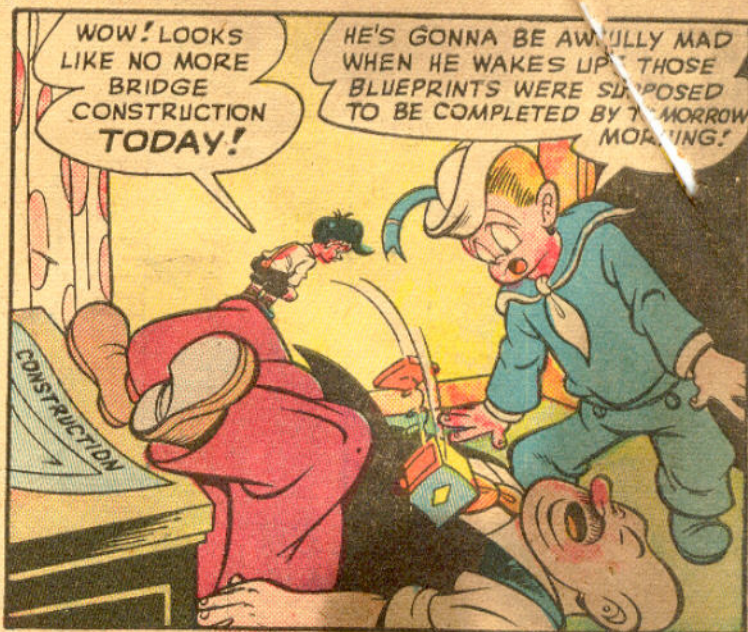
"IT WAS ON ONE OF THESE OCCASIONS THAT I DECIDED TO INVESTIGATE BILLY'S CRIES!"



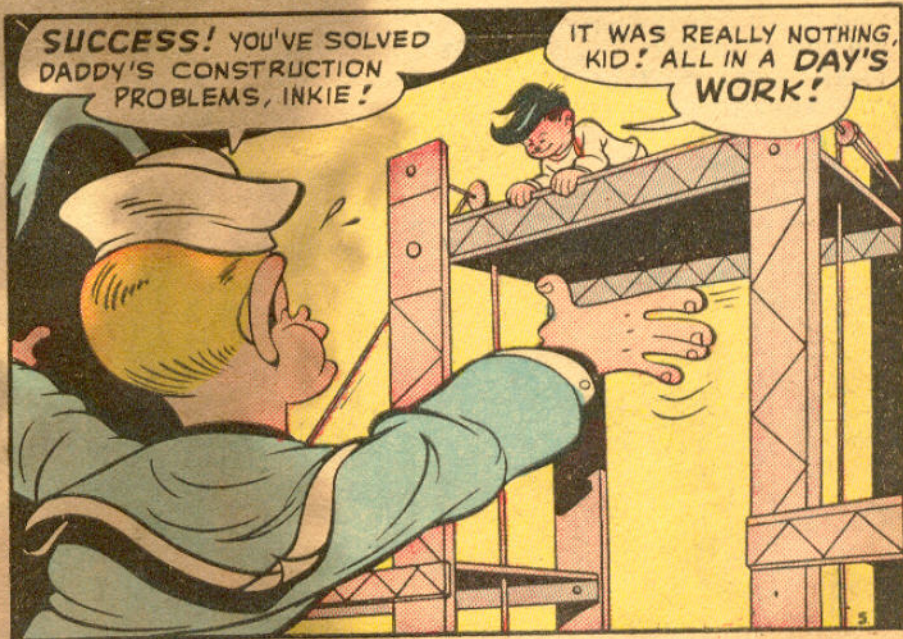
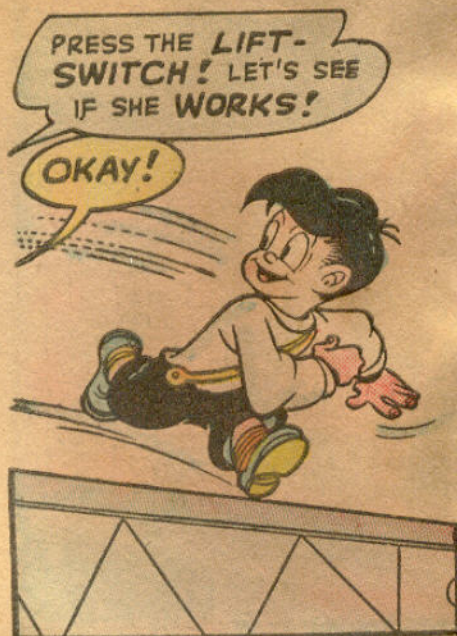
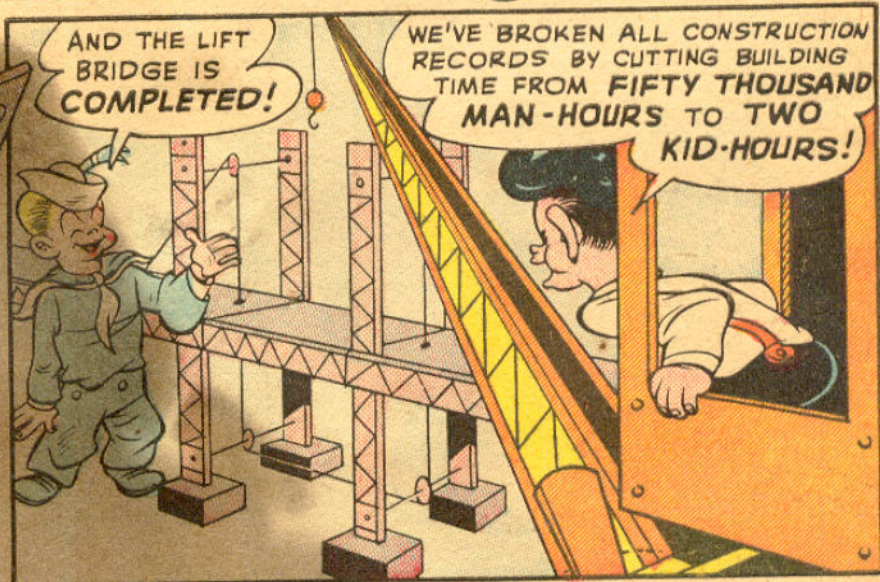
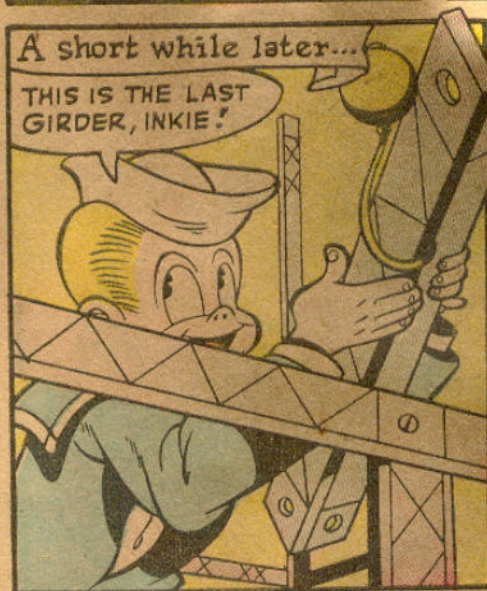
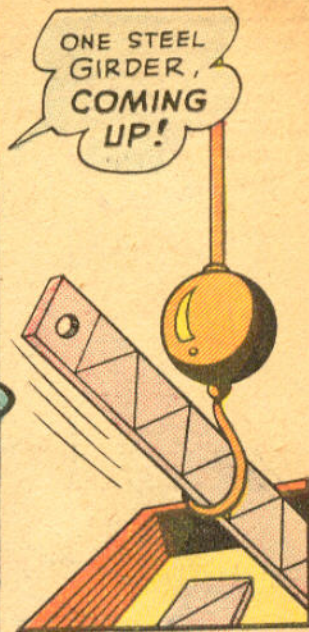
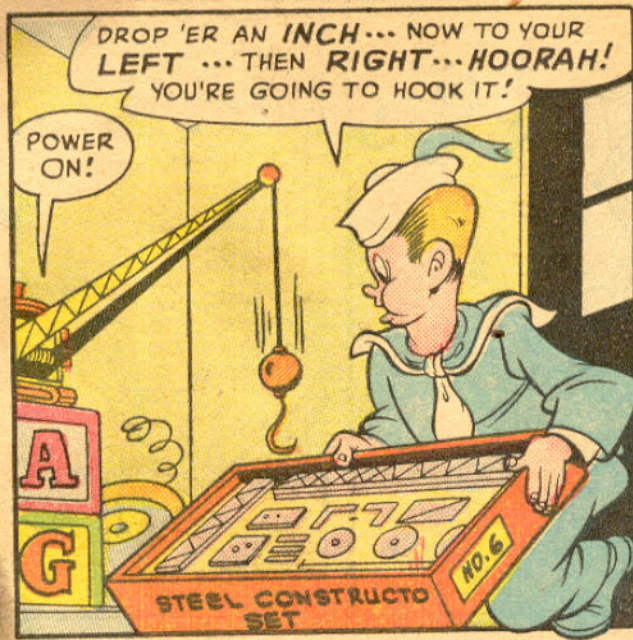
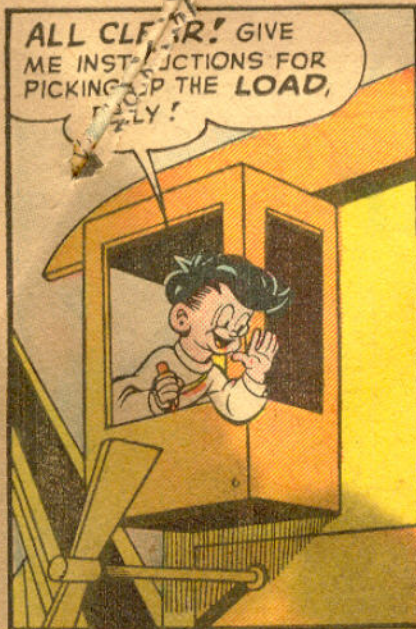
"CHILDREN SHOULD BE HAPPY CREATURES! AFTER ALL, IT'S TIME ENOUGH TO WORRY WHEN YOU GET OLDER!"



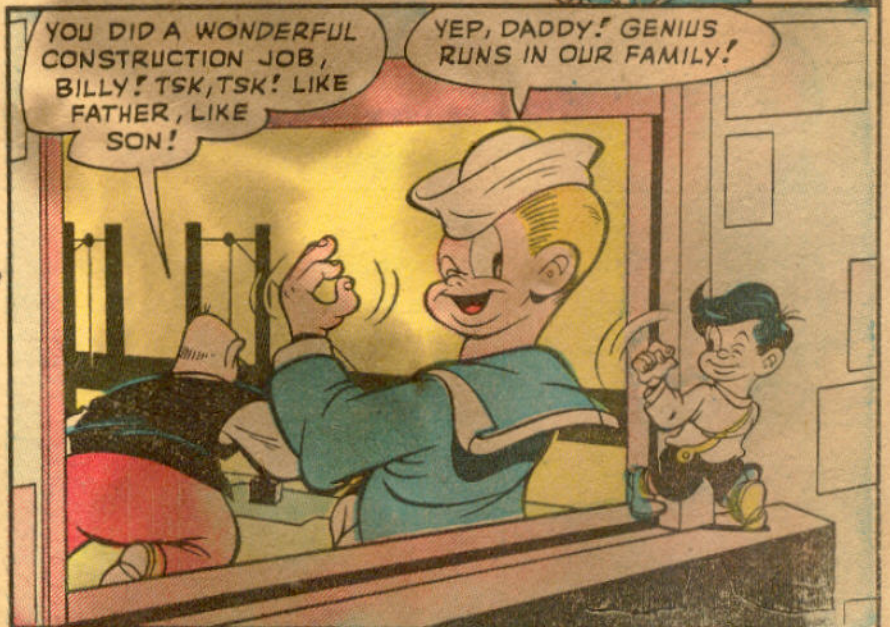
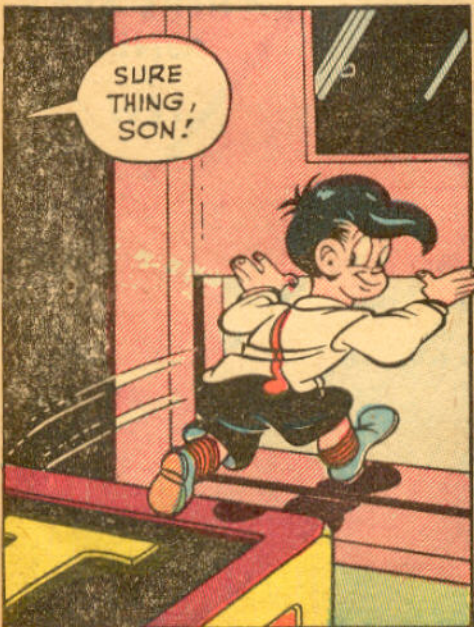
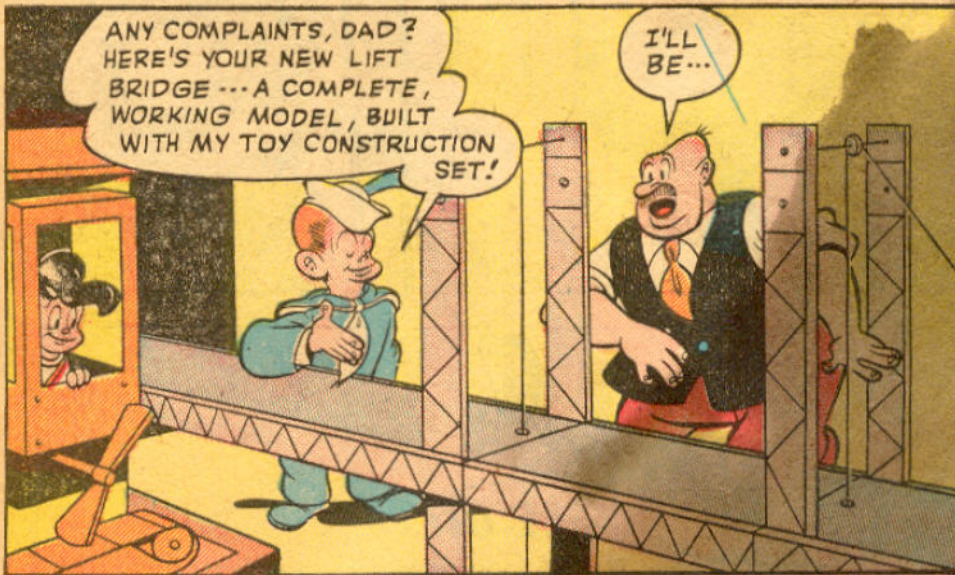
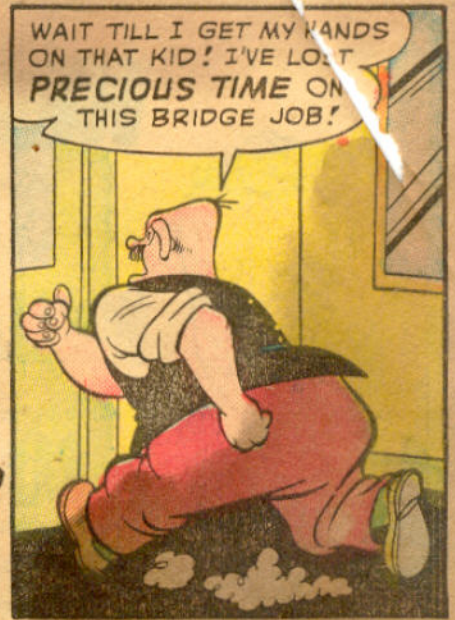
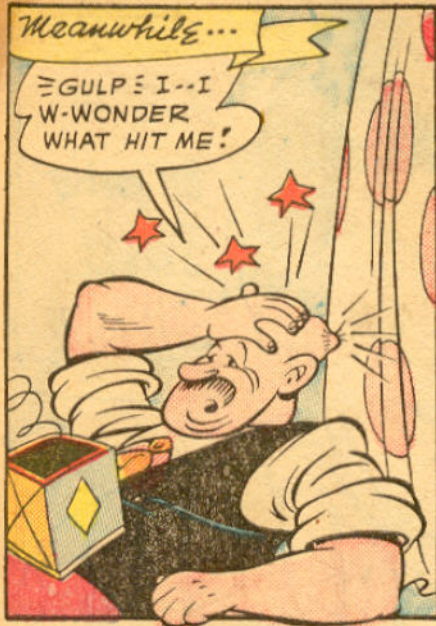





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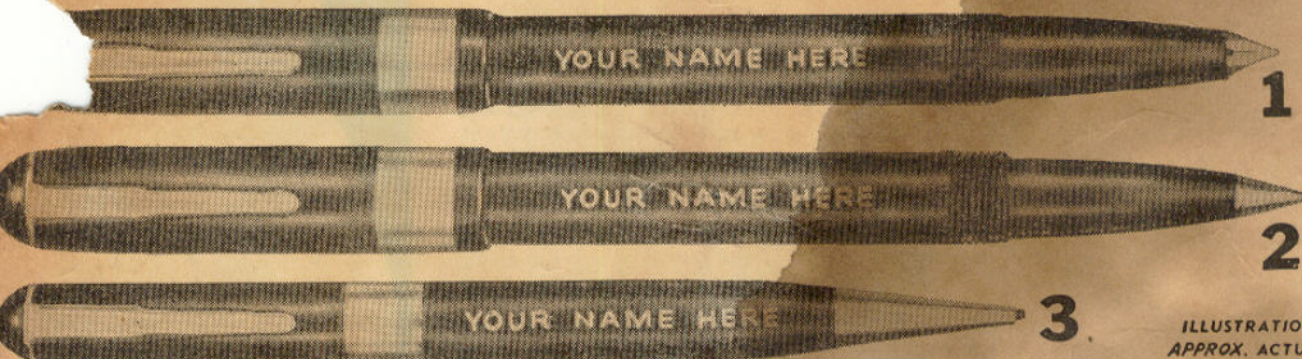
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